THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

NOVEMBER 1, 1808.

STRICTURES ON COBBETT.

No. III.

"Now, atrocious, infamous miscreant, look on this picture, and on this. I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villainy has eaten your cheek to the bone. Are these the proofs of your disinterestedness and consistency?"—Cobbett's Works, vol. iv. page 331.

IN the last number of the SATIRIST we presented our readers with an epitome of this man's life, as delineated by himself; and shewed that, even according to his own statement, there was little in his personal character to justify that tone of independent confidence which he impudently assumes. We shall now proceed to divest him entirely of the slender veil through which his infamy has hitherto been but partially beheld, and to exhibit him in his real character, of a malicious *liar*,* and a virulent, but dastardly, enemy of his king, his country, and his God.

In the prosecution of our labours we have encountered many loathsome examples of avarice, meanness, impudence, inconsistency, falsehood, treachery, and disloyalty; but we never expected to behold all these disgusting vices

* When our readers consider *who* is the object of our attack, they will, we are sure, pardon this coarse expression.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall-street.

united in one man, till we examined the conduct of WILLIAM COBBETT.

How does human nature shudder at such a complication of depravity! and how is our horror increased by the reflection, that there are men weak or wicked enough to be misled by this hardened and abandoned sinner! We sincerely believe, however, that, to the honour of Englishmen, he has very few admirers among those who have sufficient sense to distinguish *fact* from *fiction*, although they may peruse his *infernal Register* from the same species of curiosity which induces us to notice other particularly disgusting objects, and we trust that even those brainless mortals, who have hitherto been deceived by the boldness of his assertions, and the pretended independence of his writings, will wonder at their folly, when they have read the following incontrovertible proofs of his falsehood and villainy.

That a man suspected, on the strongest grounds, of having written "*The Soldier's Friend*,"* should have obtained a discharge, and a certificate of good behaviour from the commanding officer of his regiment, has astonished and confounded many; but their astonishment will cease, when we inform them that this commanding officer was no other than the *arch-traitor*, LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, who afterwards lost his life in resisting those who came to apprehend him for *high-treason*. That *his lordship* was perfectly satisfied with "the behaviour and *services*" of William Cobbett cannot be doubted; and we have every reason to believe that it was to render those *services* more effective that the discharge was granted; for it appears that, in less than three months afterwards, our hero cut a distinguished figure among the ruffians of revolutionary France, by whom, according to his

* A seditious pamphlet, exciting our troops to mutiny.

own account, he was treated with the most distinguished kindness. Foreseeing, however, "what would be the fate of Englishmen in that country, where the rulers had laid aside even the appearance of justice and mercy,"* and having "imbibed principles of republicanism,"† he embarked for the United States at Havre-de-Grace, and abruptly quitted France; having first, by *some means*,‡ obtained a letter of recommendation from the American Ambassador at the Hague to Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and the avowed *enemy* of Great Britain. What the *grounds* of recommendation were Mr. Cobbett has carefully *concealed*, as he also has every circumstance of his life that occurred between November 1792, and July 1794. We can, in some degree, supply the omission; for we know that during great part of that time he taught children to spell near the Ship-yards, Kensington, Philadelphia; and that he was, in word and deed, as staunch a democrat as any in the United States. Finding, however, the market glutted with democratic works, and conscious that novelty always commanded a high price, on the arrival of Dr. Priestley, in America, he commenced the trade of an aristocrat, published a pamphlet against the Doctor, and outrageously abused all those who were partial to democracy, or admirers of the French Revolution. In short, with all that glorious disregard of consistency which has since distinguished his conduct, this man, who in less than *three months after* he obtained his discharge from the British army for his *good behaviour* (including *loyalty*, of course), deserted his native land, and turned republican, became the advocate of monarchy, and the boisterous maintainer of his country's rights.

* Porcupine's Works, vol. iv. p. 51.

† Ibid.

‡ Probably *not* through Lord Edward Fitzgerald's interest.

Against Jefferson he had now two motives for being violently abusive: first, because no attention had been paid to his letter of recommendation; and, secondly, because he was a democrat.

But SELF-INTEREST, which has ever been his ruling passion, was the main spring that regulated his conduct; he repented not of his base ingratitude to his native country; he felt no desire to expiate his treachery by rendering her essential services as a *spy* or otherwise; but he felt that, by pretending to be her advocate, and by betraying the interests of the state to which he had fled for protection, he should obtain the support of those who were inimical to the existing government of the latter, and at the same time ingratiate himself with the British Ministry; and thus, when he found it necessary to return home, prevent any *unpleasant inquiry* into the *motives* and *causes* of his *visit to France*.

That Mr. Cobbett did act the part of a *spy* to the British Government, when the first paroxysms of his republican fever had abated, cannot be controverted. *We know* that he was in the constant habit of corresponding with those who were in Mr. Pitt's confidence; and we are willing to allow that, *as a spy*, "he did the state some service." The system of *espionnage*, as the French term it, has always been considered as allowable; and we are by no means inclined to blame Mr. Pitt for having made the ingratitude and apostacy of Cobbett subservient to the interests of his country. On the contrary, "we love the treason, but abhor the traitor." Cobbett was at that time an acknowledged citizen of the United States, and enjoying by choice the protection of her laws; it was therefore disgraceful in him to betray her.

Aware that the enemies of popular men and measures are always more eager to purchase works in which they are abused, than their friends are those which praise them, he

spit his venom at every person whose virtues or talents had excited envy and admiration, and among the rest at Dr. Rush, for which he was sentenced to pay five thousand dollars: a punishment, in our opinion, very inadequate to his crime; for never did man imagine a more false, barefaced, and malicious libel than that published by him against this amiable and respected physician of Philadelphia.

Become the object of universal contempt and abhorrence, William Cobbett now found it necessary to quit America; and in the year 1800 that renegade creature of the traitor Fitzgerald returned to England, *pretending* and *professing* to be an enthusiastic admirer and supporter of her Ministers and Constitution. As he had been an instrument, he expected to be the favourite, of the British Ministry; and in this he was not altogether disappointed: Mr. Windham, who always loved experiments, thought him admirably calculated to command a new battery of the press, which was accordingly opened against Opposition and Buonaparte, on the 30th of October, 1800, under the name of "*The Porcupine.*" In the first number of which William Cobbett thus expresses himself:

"I am most sincerely persuaded that, next to the virtues of his Majesty, and the general loyalty of his subjects, this country owes its preservation to the *wisdom* and *integrity* of Mr. PITT and *his colleagues.*"

This was his opinion of Mr. Pitt in 1800; but that great Minister and excellent man, although he had employed this infamous tool to promote the interest of his country, which he justly considered as paramount to every other consideration, was deaf to his flattery; and knowing him to be "rotten at the heart," refused to honour him with his personal confidence and protection. In vain was he requested to meet him at Mr. Windham's ta-

ble, in vain was Mr. Windham's eloquence exerted in his favour; Mr. Pitt knew that Cobbett's idol was self-interest; he knew that at the shrine of that idol he had once attempted to immolate his country's weal, and he felt that treachery could not be trusted.

This was a dreadful disappointment to the views of Cobbett; his malignant heart panted to revenge it; but he had already committed himself by praising his enemy; and *self-interest* compelled him to delay the gratification of his malice. All the world, however, must feel convinced that the whole of his subsequent hatred to Mr. Pitt is to be attributed to the mortification which he felt at being despised and neglected by that upright Minister: and yet he has the effrontery to tell the Edinburgh reviewers, that "though they were to take their solemn oath to the truth of this *fact*,* there is not a single man in all England that would believe them."—Pol. Reg. vol. xii. p. 122. Thus does this impudent varlet defend himself—not by argument, but by bold and barefaced falsehoods.

Though his thirst for revenge was great, his thirst for gold was greater; and knowing that his readers would be disgusted with any sudden abuse of the Minister whom he had so recently hailed as the saviour of his country, he with damnable deceit continued to extol him for a considerable time. Thus in vol. ii. page 56, of his *infernal Register*, he observes:

"Mr. Pitt must always be great even among the greatest."

In vol. iii. p. 160, he says:

"Mr. Pitt, who still retains, and *ever will retain*, that respect

* "FACT; *reality*, not *fiction*."—Johnson. So that, in *fact*, Mr. Cobbett at once accuses the reviewers of falsehood, and allows the truth of their observations.

and veneration which is due to *splendid* talents, and to long, zealous, and *disinterested* services."

Again p. 894:

"Many with whom Mr. Pitt was formerly a sort of deity, now speak of him as of other men, and in some instances they push their satire to contempt and ridicule: one cannot help being *shocked at the baseness* of such *men*."

He has, however, since had the infamy to apply every opprobrious and contemptuous epithet which his malignant soul could devise or think of: such as, "that *shallow-brained boaster*,"—"*the conceited and shallow-headed*,"—"that *patron of peculation*," &c. &c. to this very Pitt, who died as he had lived, the most wise, upright, and patriotic Minister that ever blessed the British empire.

It is impossible to point out the whole of this prostituted scribbler's inconsistencies; they would fill a folio volume: but our readers may judge of their atrocity from the few which we shall present to their notice.

In 1802 he called Sir Francis Burdett's supporters "*thieves*," and hinted that the Baronet himself deserved to be hanged; adding, "while we *detest and loath* Sir Francis Burdett, while we *could trample on him*," &c. &c. Pol. Reg. vol. ii. p. 151. In 1807 he extols these identical "*thieves*" as the noblest and most uncorrupted beings that ever rendered service to their country; and tells them—

"*We*, the people of England, feel that Sir Francis Burdett is our best friend, we *participate in his principles*, we rely on his *talents and integrity*, we *approve of his declarations*, we despise the *circulators*" (Blush! base apostate, blush!) "of the hundred times refuted calumnies against him."—Pol. Reg. vol. xi. p. 990.

In 1802 he addressed some letters to Mr. Fox, in one of which he plainly insinuates that he was a traitor to his

country, and the minion of Buonaparte (vide Pol. Reg. vol. ii. p. 338); and in another he says—"Of the manifold sins which I have to repent, that of having in thought, word, or deed, ever been the adherent of Charles, is certainly not one among the number."—Vol. ii. p. 714. And yet he has since called him "a magnanimous patriot," and declared "that Mr. Fox's heart and *mind were always disposed to the right side.*"—Vol. xi. p. 593.

However disgusted our readers may be by these gross instances of apostacy and inconsistency, their feelings must sustain a much severer shock when they compare the indecent, villainous, and disloyal insinuations against our beloved Monarch, which have recently appeared in his *infernal* Register, with the following statement of his determination never to admit any comments upon the conduct of the Royal Family into his works:

"A resolution," says he, "which has been dictated by that profound respect and veneration which I entertain towards *all the Royal Persons*, and particularly towards my Sovereign, to whom I am bound by the ties of *affection, gratitude,* and allegiance; and whose sacred *office and person* GOD HAS COMMANDED ME TO HONOUR."—Pol. Reg. vol. iv. p. 832.

Impious and detestable miscreant! how hast thou shewn thy gratitude to thy Sovereign? How hast thou obeyed the commands of thy Creator? Thou hast thyself asserted, that "there is no compromise between treason and loyalty (Porcupine, Dec. 11, 1800); and thou hast declared that those who pursued the same line of conduct which thou hast now adopted, were enemies to their King and country (Porcupine, Oct. 30, 1800). Thus, according to thine own principles, art thou a most *incorrigible traitor*. Do not tell us, as you once told the Edinburgh reviewers, that *experience* has taught you to change your opinions and your principles; for you have already told us, "that eight years of dear-bought *experience* taught

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you to execrate all those who bawl for that change which they denominated *reform;*" and to adore the British King and Government:—you have already told us, that eight years residence in a republic had convinced you of the blessings which Englishmen exclusively enjoy; and you have declared that you felt an

"Irresistible impulse to communicate to your countrymen the fruit of your *experience*; to shew them the *injurious* and *degrading consequences of discontent, disloyalty,* and INNOVATION; to convince them that they were the *freest,* as well as the happiest, of the human race; and, *above all,* to warn them against the arts of those ambitious and *perfidious demagogues,* who would willingly reduce them to a level with the cheated slaves, in the bearing of whose yoke you had the mortification to share."—Porcupine, Oct. 30, 1800.

Yes, the miscreant has told us this, and he actually was loyal, while loyalty was a marketable commodity; but the moment it became abundant, and consequently cheap, he commenced dealing in sedition, in the same manner as he had exchanged his republicanism for loyalty in America; and for the same purposes, viz. to excite the public attention, and to pick their pockets. We verily do not believe that he ever wrote a single sentence without having in view either the gratification of *private malice,* or of *private interest.** Let us then hear no more of this man's intrepidity and independence: even himself, hardened as he is in wickedness, must shudder at the picture we have exhibited, although he will feel that it is far less disgusting than the loathsome original. We have yet some damning proofs of his infamy in store; nor will we quit the wretch, till we have rendered him an object of such

* We *know* that he declared at the Rev. Mr. B—'s table, when wine had banished caution, that he came to England to *get money,* and that all his exertions should be directed to that end.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

universal abomination and contempt, that even children shall point the finger of scorn as he passes along the streets.

He may deny, but we defy him to controvert a sentence that we have written. He may talk of his "bludgeons" and his "horsewhips," but we defy him to intimidate us from our purpose. Heaven has blest us with the ability both to expose his villainy, and to repel his personal attacks; and we shall be equally ready to exert it in either case, although we have heard of his ruffian-like assault upon Mr. Herriot, and seen his prowess exerted at a contested election.

As our publication is barely a twelvemonth old, he may probably console himself with the idea, that our readers are few; his bookseller, however, can inform him, that the circulation of the SATIRIST is scarcely exceeded by any of the long-established monthly miscellanies, and that each number is probably perused by more than twenty thousand persons. He, therefore, may rest assured, that the fame of his infamy will be pretty widely promulgated, and that it will be absolutely necessary for him to defend himself with his *brazen* shield, and to repel our attack by the only weapons he can wield with dexterity—BOLD AND INVETERATE FALSEHOODS!

Sept. 17th.

MODERN BEAUX.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

Monsieur se moque.

SINCE you have so very kindly allowed Mr. Homespun's satirical account of my sisters and myself to ornament the pages of your thirteenth number [see pages 281,

282, 283, 284] (an honour, Sir, by the bye, which I dare say the dear good young man will very long *remember*, for *other* reasons besides his pleasure at seeing the words in print,) I hope your gallantry to the sex, Mr. Satirist, will lead you to let a short reply appear in your next, from one whom he so civilly and wittily dubs a FEMALE COBBLER; and that you will agree with me in thinking that, after such a genteel compliment, paid me too in so public a way,—though, as he tells you plainly, HE WANTS A WIFE, Susan Wilcock may very properly decline his wedding ring.

Mr. Homespun twits me with my amusements, indeed, and talks, rather cavalierly or so, it must be owned, about his prevailing upon me *to rub the pitch off my taper digits!* (Is he not a pretty gentleman for a billet-doux?) I shall to this part of his letter answer, in the language of a well known English poet, thus:

"There is a thing, Tommy, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of PITCH: this *pitch*, as ancient writers do report, doth *defile*; so doth the keeping THEE company."*

My papa must do as he pleases, certainly, as far as concerns himself only; but, for my part, I am determined never to pair with Mr. Thomas Homespun, that's flat: and I can tell him that neither Grace, nor Amelia, nor Angelica, nor Martha, nor Dorothea, will now have any thing to say to him, since he has so impertinently made his "*game*" of us all six. Poor soul! What a pity it is he never had it in his power to kiss and tell! I cannot bear such chatterboxes! Of all prattlers, a gossip in—— *you know what I mean*—is by far the most intolerable plague living, no doubt.

Mr. Homespun himself is a harmless being enough; he

* SHAKSPEARE. First part of King Henry the fourth, Act 2, Scene 4.

will never set fire to the Thames, Sir, nor do paw-paw tricks in virtuous or any other houses, I dare say: he loves pounds, shillings, and pence, infinitely better than plays, balls, and assemblies; he prefers a customer's call to all the strains of a Billington; enjoys caricatures much more than the sublimest paintings, knows not an etching from a mezzotinto, or a sculptured statue from a cast; and only esteems me above my sisters, I verily believe, because he expects to find me, *when* he marries me,—which, I promise him, he now never shall do,—a saving housewife in the article of shoe-leather. During the whole week he staid at our house, Mr. Satirist, he stuck to my papa as close as wax; except at meals, indeed; and then, Sir, all his attentions were paid to my "crummy" mama; who is full as angry with his description, by the bye, as any of us: that she is. His talk is all *three per cent, four per cent, five per cent, omnium, discount, loan, annuities, lotteries, stocks, bills of exchange, bills of parcel, bills of lading, invoice, waste-book, cash-book, and ledger.* A dainty courtier, truly!!! I have done with him.

Yet, I think Mr. Thomas Homespun is quite a lady's man, Mr. Satirist, quite a finished gentleman, when I compare him with several other young men of supposed fashion, who favour papa with their visits *in the shooting season.* You shall judge for yourself, Sir.

M. G. L. *(Esquire!)* is a slim, skinny, finical fop, of modish address, with a very neatly-rounded pair of legs, and a very ugly face. His looks have nothing manly in them; but he *looks*, by his airs, as if he thought himself a little Arthur Wellesley; he seems so dapper, so jaunty, so sprack, pert, and lively. His eyes are small, and, in general, watery; but, at tea-time, [particularly if the glass has been pushed about a little by papa after dinner,] they sparkle, roll, and twinkle away most merrily, at

every woman found the table. His language, then, grows rude and impudent, and he tries to be particular with any one of us who may happen to sit near him; spouting forth glibly French, Italian, Spanish, and German *fadaises*, in a lack-a-daisy kind of way, with an ill-breath; and "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," as if to shew us all his jagged and slovenly teeth. I am told he is an author, and once wrote tolerable verses for the street music-grinders to sing or say.

Sir Rawson Andrew Worksop, baronet, is a high-spirited youth, Mr. Satirist, of a coarse, thick-make, round-shouldered, and splay-footed. His family, we are given by himself to understand, is ancient; his fortune is large. This strange creature is a curious medley of whim, good-nature, surliness, and blackguardism. He "*sports*" (that's his knowing phrase, Sir,) splendid equipages, and is his own body coachman; he keeps horses and hounds, but seldom hunts; hates Italian singing and French dancing, yet constantly lounges at the Opera, and frequents concerts; enjoys what he calls "a dashing *ròu*," vastly; is intimate with all the sharpers in town; walks Bond-street, arm in arm, with Belcher, and St. James's Mall with natty Townshend, the thief-taker; plays at cricket at Lord's, and at billiards at Parslow's; drinks all sorts of liquors at his meals, and can take tobacco in all the three reputable modes, with peers, commoners, and boxers. His address is heartily uncouth, and his voice boisterously gruff; he slouches in his gait, and swings his arms about like the wings of a windmill: he dresses like a groom, and swears like Colonel Hanger.

If you approve my descriptions of these three worthies, —for the fidelity of which all London can readily vouch, —I beg you will be so obliging as to give them that portion of fame, to which Mr. Thomas Homespun, M. G. L.

(*Esquire!*) and Sir Rawson Andrew Worksop, baronet, are, in truth, most justly entitled.

I remain, for my sisters and myself,

Dear Mr. Satirist,

Your well-wisher,

Islington. SUSAN WILCOCK, *spinster.*

P.S. I fancy, Sir, you are in some degree *bound* to insert this, for you know it is customary for ladies to have the last word. S. W.

P.S. once more. M. G. L. (*Esquire!*) is deeply in love .... with *himself!* Sir Rawson Andrew Worksop, baronet, is in love with nobody. Adieu!

S. W.

A CHARACTER.

No. XIV.

O thou, to faction's vot'ries ever dear,
Alderman, patriot, draper, overseer!
For though as yet some of those honours wait,
Still unembodied in the womb of fate,
Thy worth must soon the proudest titles claim,
Both of parochial and of civic fame.
For who, like you, can to Augusta's sons
Declaim on pistols, blunderbusses, guns,
While cannons, muskets, bayonets, and swords,
Become, like yards and ells, familiar words;
And treaties and conventions seem to all,
Like common-council or like common-hall:
Or who, descending from the imperial seat
Of London's towers to Edmonton's retreat,
Can in a parish meeting shine like you;
While Mellish, like Sir Arthur or Sir Hew,

Shrinks from the chair amid the vulgar throng,
To 'scape the chidings of your patriot tongue.
Proceed, illustrious wight! till Britain's train,
Moved by the projects of thy sapient brain,
Bid Castlereagh and Canning quit the helm,
Portland and Perceval abjure the realm;
And yield, of public cares the weighty sway
To capering Petty and to scowling Grey:
O, may'st thou then in flattering civic strain,
Hailing the Talent's triumph once again,
See o'er thy head the royal sword display'd,
And rise a knight, meed of thy spouting trade:
While folly's sons, inspired with heart-felt glee,
A new Sir Richard in Sir Robert see.

ON LAUGHING.

"Laughter, holding both his sides."—MILTON, L'Allegro.

MR. SATIRIST,

I FEAR it cannot with propriety be denied by scholars who are conversant with men of genius, that the affectation of singularity, the arrogance of undoubted talents, and the love of paradox, will too often induce them—though blessed with the soundest judgment—to hazard deliberately some strong and quaint assertions, of which, in all probability, they themselves may perceive the fallaciousness at the very instant of promulgation; and yet, owing to whim, or caprice, or pride, these assertions are never voluntarily retracted. To superficial observers, indeed, such assertions generally come in the shape, and are received with the authority of downright axioms: the coin, to be sure, is of base metal, but it bears a plausible effigies and an imposing exergue; it is tendered by a re-

spectable hand, and quickly passes current without dispute or examination.

The sayings of our grand lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, prove the truth of my statement in a most remarkable manner. Owing to the fascinating splendor of the diction, and the overbearing originality of the sentiment inculcated, his slightest aphorisms have been quoted, again and again, as dogmas; and every sciolist in literature, in his turn, has anxiously propped and buttressed the tottering fabric of his own hypotheses with the ponderous adamant of some casual remark from *the British Socrates*, without any consideration of its real fitness and eligibility.

In his Life of Cowley, our moralist observes, with great apparent seriousness, that "men have been wise in different modes, but they have always *laughed* the same way." This observation has been invariably admitted as an acknowledged truism, Sir, and cited with as much confidence of conviction as accompanies the maxim that "*two and two are four.*" Lord Chesterfield, however, we well know, talked in a contrary, if not a contradictory, way; but since his Lordship's treatise, containing his opinion on this subject, was contemptuously said by the sage to contain the morals of a wh—e and the manners of a dancing-master, it cannot be thought that any partizan of the one would respect the declaration of the other. I therefore wave the testimony of the Earl.

Now surely, Mr. Satirist, Dr. Johnson could never mean simply to aver that *laughter* proceeded from the *mouth alone*, and so was only expressed by ONE *way*. That interpretation is really too puerile to satisfy an enquirer. In his immortal dictionary he defines "LAUGHTER" to be "*an inarticulate expression of sudden merriment;*"—the phrase is equivocal, but there is not a word of *mouth*, you will observe: I beseech your readers, therefore, here to at-

tend to me; and, in the language of times of old, AUDIRE ALTERAM PARTEM.*

Democritus of Abdera, and Heraclitus of Ephesus, both lived before the Christian æra, and were founders of two risible sects: with the former of these every event in life agreed, whilst it produced quite a contrary effect on the latter: one man's cheer was the other's woe. Democritus was known for his *broad grins* and *horse laughs;* Heraclitus was noted for his *sour face* and the *risus Sardonecus*. They laughed, in short, different ways. Modern history demonstrates the existence of philosophers who addict themselves, *ad libitum*, to either sect. *Ex. gr.*

1. When his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander in Chief of the British forces, capitulated to the French army, commanded by General Brune, at the Helder,.....Brune *grinned*, the D. "joined in the *laugh;*" but *they laughed different ways*.

2. When Abdallah Menou capitulated to Lord Hutchinson, his Lordship *smiled:* Abdallah *laughed at the other side of his mouth*.

3. When Liniers defeated Whitelocke, the *laughter* was incessant, but *the mirth was inharmonious*.

4. When Castanos beat Dupont, the Spanish General *laughed outright;* the French robber *grinned horribly*, but *in total silence*. "Voilà la difference!"

5. When, on the other hand, Junot made his famous "CONVENTION" with Sir Hew Dalrymple, *tous les rieurs étaient de son coté*, yet the English, alas! *grin, and bear it*.

6. Lastly: when Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, and Monsieur Tabart failed in their views against the SATIRIST, the public *laughed;* a *hectic smile* dimpled the Knight's phiz no more; poor T. *laughed* and cried in the same breath.

"Tu missus abibas."—HORACE.

* Sometimes, as here, "*ars* est celare *artem*."

Hence, Sir, I think it is "as plain as the nose in Major Hanger's face," that Dr. Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. is mistaken, when he asserts, that "men have always *laughed the same way.*"

Your's, &c. &c. &c.

C. C. C. Oxon. Q. E. D.

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM astonished at the impudence of those *notes en passant*, as you call them, with which you accompanied my letter, inserted in your work, No. XIII. pages 249, &c. They are absolutely matchless! However, *to give even you your due*, it must be admitted that you have printed that letter very fairly.

I proceed, therefore, with renewed confidence, to give you a hasty account of our Magazine for October: in the hope that my little *labour of love* may tend to *open the eyes* of your readers to our *views*, and give them clearer notions of our *works* than you, you wicked rogue, seem willing to allow them.

And, first, I am concerned to remark *the falling off of leaves* from our celestial blue cover: this is a sad incident in cold weather! Alas! *one-fourth* of our celestial foliage has already been blown away by the breath of the SATIRIST, and the *twelve* remaining pages by no means bear a lively hue. Except that, in page 3, a young *petit maitre* "of religious connections," is invited to the "HOP" business;—"an apprentice about the age of *fifteen*" is wanted where "*she will constantly attend the ministry of the Gospel;*"—and a young lady [no matter of what age, character, or country] is in *immediate* requisition "TO BE

ARTICLED" for two or three years of "*education*;"—except also that, in page 4, an *active* young damsel is desired "in a *serious* family;"—and, in the same page, at No. 71, Gracechurch-street, "a serious *active* person," *as* MAID, is courted "*to lift up fine linen, and be willing*," &c. &c. &c.—(Hem! hem! a-hem!) MEM. "A WIDOW, of about *forty* years of age, will be preferred;"* I say, Sir, except these few choice articles, I do not find in our celestial blue covers of this month any advertisement, PUFF, or *what not?*—worthy of your admiration.

With, or without, your formal permission, Sir, I deem it proper, *pour cause*, (now) to pass, instantaneously, from these "*side dishes*" to our more *substantial* and *regular* fare.

You must know, you rogue, that we exult at *a practical* BULL: hence [and hence, only,] we stitched to our last number that close-shaved phiz by Ridley and Blood, *two evangelical artists*, to the conclusion of our curious memoir of the Rev. Joel Abraham Knight, of London: hence, too, (as "blunder" is the order of the day with us,) we have, intentionally, prefixed a *fac-simile* of the visage of SAMSON OCCOM, an Indian preacher,—hit off by the very same *evangelical* artists,—to our memoir of the Rev. Philip Oliver. What may be the point of contact or union between smug-face and J. A. K., or between S. O. and P. O., we modestly leave to the investigation of our far and wide "*seeking*" readers.

The late Philip Oliver, it appears, Mr. Satirist, was a good man. His father and mother were of Chester.—

* Why this is the old *princely* toast of "FAT, FAIR, and FORTY," again, ALL OVER!!!—*Note, en passant, by the* SATIRIST.

"VIRGINIS *os habitumque* gerens."—VIRG.

"APPEARANCES may be deceitful."

When a babe,, " he *imbibed*, with his milk, an idea that he should one day become very religious." This idea slipped down his gullet, and produced a natural " *effect*," viz. " a *speech* almost prophetical, that *he would be Mr. Broadhurst's curate.*" He was ordained by that eminent prelate, Dr. Porteus. Now, mind:* " though yet *a stranger to the truth and power of the Gospel*,"—I quote, carefully, the very words of our publication, page 409,—" he displayed in this new sphere of action considerable excellence of *moral* character; and the want of that *charity*, which is a fruit of the spirit, was supplied by the *natural* charms of a sweet and gentle temper." In a word, he was just like ALL your juvenile clergy, of the *best* sort, and " discovered" [like J. A. K.—see my last letter, page 252] " *a propensity to the gaieties of the world.*" At Churton-heath he dined with Mr. Colley, and his appetite seldom failed him; Mr. C. " would often lay *snares* for him, putting some *evangelical* treatise *behind the door.*" A sly old cat-catcher!

P. O.'s discourse in the cathedral of Chester drew from the Bishop, *at dinner*, " I thank you, Mr. Oliver, (hiccup) for your very *evangelical* sermon." (Page 410.) He was " *enlisted*" in London, on a Wednesday; *ibid.* He entered a pulpit " with *timidity*," proceeded in his sermon " with *confusion*;" and, at last, " *quite lost himself.*" —" His mother," strange as it may appear, Sir, to you and your readers, yes, *his own mother*, " was *fond* of her son Philip."—Page 411.

" The old servant, who was with his mother at Boughton, had a dream, *the particulars of which we have not*

* Yes, yes! the SATIRIST *does* mind; and he sincerely hopes all his serious readers will not only read, but mark, this insolent and overbearing jargon of the *soi-disant* saints. *Note, en passant, by the* SATIRIST.

learned;" of course, Mr. Satirist, we cannot well relate them.—Page 412.

(*Found among the papers of the Rev. P. Oliver.*)

"I would recommend to *choose* a minister who has been *turned out of the church!!!*"—Page 414.*

In page 418, a gentleman tells a lady, "You have *touched* upon a tender *point*." The whole article is excellent: *sed procul este, profani!*

In pages 419—423, we give you a sweetly somnific dose; but, hark! we wake our readers, at last, with a flaming sassarara in thunder: viz. "*Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*"

In pages 426, 427, we have SHEVA, again, ON PRACTICAL PREACHING. Good lad! He means no harm, but his prose run mad is execrable. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* We wish him well, Mr. Satirist; but try in vain to make him resume his rollers, his sealing-wax, his shoe-strings, and his little balls of blacking.

In our EVANGELICANA (black letter), p. 428, we present you with a bit of *politics spiritualized*. It is a neat thing, I assure you. In the same, page 429, you may read a long extract from Boswell's Journal; *a very scarce book*, Sir. If our purchasers approve the specimen, I fancy we shall be tempted to copy out, periodically, the whole work: the act is so easy.

In page 430 we tell you of a minister who "was singular, not only for the merit, but also for the length of his sermons, *having once preached three hours and a half, and then delivered only half what he had prepared.*" I am credibly informed, Sir, that when Dr. SAMUEL PARR de-

* Requiescat in pace! Peace to the poor enthusiast's memory! We could say much in this place, but we forbear, and leave all his frailties where we would fain hope they now repose.—*Note, en passant, by the* SATIRIST.

livered his long-winded Greek *preachment* at Cambridge, his enormous sermon was wheeled to St. Mary's from Trinity *in a* [BARROW*] *barrow*.

In pages 430, 431, you may peruse, to your edification, *a pleasing instance of early conversion*. It is, by far, the most unexceptionable passage in our Magazine.

In our Obituary, pages 432—435, you will find that Thomas Haddon died March 3, 1808, remarkable equally for his age, which was nineteen years and a half, and the cause of his death, which was a white swelling; Reuben Calvert, who "*took great delight in seeing young people set their faces Zion-ward*," died March 26, 1808, of a stoppage of breath, aged seventy-three; I believe, Mr. Satirist, this disorder is generally fatal: Mr. Smelle, aged eighty-two, died of it, May 21, 1808. "N.B. In the Spanish war he was very active in *releasing* a number of impressed seamen, to prevent the suffocation of himself and them *by the wanton cruelty of their officers*. N.B. We mention no *dates*, no names of *persons*, or of *place*. This conduct is, at least, prudent. The other deaths are ALL of people truly good, but not of so wonderful a description as those above: I therefore pass them readily.

In page 436 we cut up *Paley's Sermons* most gloriously: the fellow was not "one of us." But, on the other side, in pages 437, 438, we puff off *four Missionary Sermons* in a very grand style. Again, in page 441, we extol to the third heaven, *A Vindication of the Nature and Effect of* EVANGELICAL *Preaching*. Now, pray do, read it: it is dog-cheap at three and sixpence, and some of the sentences are grammatical.

* Dr. Isaac Barrow, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was certainly a prolix writer, but then *he* was no "*buzz*" doctor.—*Note, en passant, by the* SATIRIST.

In our last page we present a curious *Imitation of the 114th Psalm* in flowing TRIPLETS!!!— — —

I remain, as before, unalterably, Mr. Satirist,

Your decided detester,

A SURRY BELWETHER.

A CARD.

The SATIRIST presents his thanks to this *ambiguous* "wolf in sheep's clothing," and accepts his proffered enmity with great and unfeigned satisfaction.

Satirist Office, Oct. 25.

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

ACCOUNT EXTRAORDINARY.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."—VIRGIL.

MR. SATIRIST,

As the newspapers have given a very unsatisfactory and incorrect account of the meeting which took place yesterday, perhaps the following *facts* from an eye-witness may be acceptable to your readers. I was passing Palace-yard about one o'clock, and seeing many persons entering Westminster Hall, resolved to witness what was going forward. Soon as I entered the door my eye was dazzled by the refulgence of Mr. Sheridan's meteoric countenance; and as there were not above *fifteen hundred* people assembled, I concluded that the right *honourable* gentleman had called his creditors together, for the purpose of informing them that as his son Tom, author of Caractacus, had been appointed Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, they might depend upon being paid with all *convenient* expedition. I was, however, very soon undeceived; for a bald-pated, Quaker-looking man, after three or four preparatory *hems*, told us, we were met for the purpose of petitioning the

King about the Portugal Convention. Oh! Sir, it did me good to hear this learned dealer in pigtail tobacco and *blackguard* snuff,* talking about our *rights* and our wrongs. Never did tobacconist use his *pipe* with more effect: he concluded his harangue with moving certain resolutions.

Then up rose a gentleman who writes nonsense for the Morning Chronicle, and therefore fancied himself qualified to talk *nonsense* to the inhabitants of Westminster, and in truth he succeeded to a miracle.

Although *no tobacconist*, he appeared to have a much larger stock of genuine *Irish blackguard* than Mr. Wishart, which he most liberally distributed among his auditors, upon whom it had the usual effect; and loud and many were the sneezings, coughings, and hissings, which it occasioned. The gentleman, however, who never *sees any thing* in *a right view*—each of his eyes having a mortal antipathy to his nasal promontory—still persevered, and not only told us that we were oppressed Englishmen, but "*mirabile et miserabile dictu*"—that we were *Irishmen!* and yet, Mr. Satirist, upon my honour, with the exception of two or three labouring masons, General Mountague Mathew, and a few pickpockets, nobody believed him; and he was obliged to sit down by the jibes and jeers of those whom he so kindly hailed as his countrymen. Indeed, Sir, I never, but once, saw poor Mr. Finnerty in such deplorable plight before. As your readers, Mr. Satirist, will doubtless be anxious to know when that *once* was, you must allow me to introduce an episode to gratify their curiosity. On a certain night last year, hunger or thirst (I forget which) commanded me to enter a *coffee*, or rather a *Burton ale*, house, in Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden. Where, Sir, strange as it

* Query. Has not our correspondent written by mistake *snuff* for *stuff*?

may appear, I saw Mr. Finnerty, a Mr. Quigley, or O'Quigley,—by *profession* a *gentleman*, and by trade a *barber*,—seated in the same room with two or three respectable persons, the latter of whom were peaceably employed in eating a mutton-chop, while the two former were disputing which was the greater b——d. Mr. O'Quigley swore Mr. Finnerty was an ungrateful fellow, and no gentleman; and Mr. Finnerty swore Mr. O'Quigley was a rogue, and *no gentleman*. As for myself, Sir, and the rest of the company, we heartily believed both their assertions; for they declared it upon *their honours*.

> "So high at last the contest rose,
> From words the '*creatures*' came to blows:"

When a gentleman, who feared they might commit some *national blunder*, and mistake his head for each other's, very deliberately pushed them both out of the room, one of whom he laid sprawling on the staircase, whose antagonist instantly prepared to take *noble* advantage of his fallen state; but this was not permitted, upon which the standing hero exclaimed:—"By J—s, Sir, its very strange that you should throw the fellow on the ground, and not permit me to *bate* him there?" Both the combatants were now driven to the street, where the matter was ended by Mr. Finnerty's getting a "*dacent*" caning, and Mr. O'Quigley a "*dacent*" night's lodging in the *watch-house*.

Justice, however, compels us to add, that, to the honour of the Morning Chronicle Editor, he bore his "*bating*" like a *spaniel*; and neither demanded any *inquiry* into the conduct of his victorious antagonist, nor brought forward any *resolutions* against him.

Now, Sir, I shall reassume the subject of the Westminster meeting. After Mr. Finnerty had concluded, Mr. Sheridan came forward to deliver his sentiments, and *pave*

his way to represent our city at the next general election. Oh, he's a cunning rogue, and can cajole an elector as well as he can a creditor!—He told us pretty plainly that we should never have an *honest* ministry till he and his friends returned to office; that now he was again out of place he again adored Sir Francis Burdett, and a great deal more, equally surprising and incredible. So great was the exertions of his eloquence, that, either through fatigue, or *for stage effect*, he seemed to be well nigh fainting. With much difficulty *water* was procured, some of which Mr. Sheridan *actually* swallowed. Dire was the alarm of his intestines at the entrance of the *unknown fluid*, and their loud *hissings* manifested at once their disapprobation and their *fiery nature*.

Mr. Hewlings, a red-headed orator, next *attempted* to address us. This gentleman was bred a *feather* merchant, and *plumes* himself upon his eloquence; but, on the present occasion, "the *down* of his feelings" (as Mr. Brandon elegantly expresses it) was considerably ruffled by the hooting of his auditors. Poor man! he doubtless imagined he heard the hissing of a *flock of geese* whom he had recently *plucked*.

From the nature of his business Mr. Hewlings had a great deal to do with *ticks*, and as he could not *bolster* himself, his name, like Sir Hew Dalrymple's, appeared, most honourably, in the *London Gazette*.

Several minor patriots strained their lungs in haranguing the meeting; each being a perfect Tully in his own opinion; but what they said, or *meant to say*, mine ears could not discover.

During all this oratory several free and independent electors were industriously employed in "*diving* for pocket-handkerchiefs," and dipping for pocket-books.

Among the most respectable persons assembled I particularly noticed Mr. Smith, dealer in cats' and dog's meat;

General M. Mathew, member of parliament; Mr. Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle; Mr. Dean, chimney-sweep; Mr. Graham, theatrical magistrate; Mr. T. Sheridan, theatrical manager; his intimate friend Mr. Morris, of the gin-shop, Charing-cross; Mr. Caleb Baldwin, jackass-driver, &c. &c.

Of the fair sex I saw but few, except Mrs. T. S——n, and two or three *Tothill-street* beauties.

Bill Soames, Major Semple, *My Hearty*, Sir Francis Burdett, and several other persons of distinction, were prevented from attending.

I am, Mr. Satirist,
Your most ardent admirer,
Palace-yard, ANTHONY ARGUS.
Friday, October 21, 1808.

THE CALL.

A TRUE TALE.

OLD Maul-Text, who, if right my tale I learn,
Long time had thumped his cushion in a barn,
At length, to recompence his wond'rous skill,
Receiv'd *a call*, though sore against his will!
Who, when the blessed summons thus was giv'n,
Would impiously dispute the will of Heav'n!
He could not do't! so faithful to *his* master,
The *painful* order made him gallop faster!
O! servant, ever zealous, ever steady,
And, for such *bitter trials*, ever ready,
What *faith* was thine! thus, at a *single* call,
To quit thy barn, thy tub, thy flock, thy all!*
Ye righteous few! aloud your voices raise,
To celebrate your *worthy* pastor's praise.

* The "*reverend*" *gentleman*, being one of the *gentle* CRAFT, not only left his "all," but his *awl*—TO BOOT!!!

Exert your voices, and your tuneful throats,
And shake and rend the loudly-bellowed notes;
In holy melody let all combine,
For sure *such* faith demands a lay divine!
—Yet hold awhile! and ere, in strains sonorous,
Ye cheerful roar the hurdy-gurdian chorus,
Behold the latent, though the great main spring,
That gave the clumsy goose an eagle's wing:
The humble village, where, with fast-day face,
So long he whined with sanctified grimace,
Scarce brought him, as the year performed its rounds,
The scanty salary of twenty pounds:
The spacious town, to which he bent his way,
Was populous, religious, *rich*, and gay;
(For they, to Piety and Pleasure true,
Willing to give to Heav'n and Hell their due,
Sin in abundance six days out of seven,
But on the last adjust accounts with Heav'n!)
Besides, his stipulated income there
Amounted to two hundred pounds a year!
What wonder, then, if, with *Mercurian* speed,
He hasted where *the will of Fate* decreed!
But if again, to village, barn, and stall,
The *worthy* preacher should receive *a call*,
Would *he* again, impatient of delay,
With eager step thus haste along the way;
That wond'ring cronies, fixed at ev'ry door,
Might swear *his Rev'rence* ne'er so ran before?

THE PEER AND THE TAYLOR.

MR. SATIRIST,

I BELIEVE it is acknowledged, on all hands, that the downfal of the ancient dynasty of France was much acce-

lerated by the scandalous immorality of great part of its noblesse: and that Voltaire might have published his blasphemous works in vain, had not a want of religion and a total disregard of its duties and precepts pervaded the higher orders of society in that kingdom. This fact (if admitted) proves pretty clearly, that a proper sense of religion and its relative duties is much better taught by example than precept; and that although our excellent divines may teach the sound doctrines of Christianity from the pulpit, they must be enforced and supported by the conduct and example of the higher orders of society.

I am led to these reflections, Mr. Satirist, by the conduct of a noble Peer, nearly related to the ancient house of H——y.

At the last Leominster races, on Thursday, the 7th instant, this noble Peer came upon the race-course in a state which would be as improper for me to describe, as painful to you to hear; it will be sufficient to say, that he had not only lost all sense of the dignity of a Peer of Great Britain, but was also incapable of behaving as a gentleman. He repeatedly rode across the contending horses, and rode round the course with them with the glee and with the habit of a professed jockey; and at length so shamefully did he conduct himself, that a Taylor, who had betted upon the issue of the contest, literally horsewhipped him severely, with whom he shook hands the next morning, alleging, as an apology, that they were both in liquor.

Mr. Satirist, I am accustomed to look up to the noble Peers of my country with reverence and respect, and to venerate the constitution of which they form so considerable a part; and I acknowledge it was with no little pride, at a late state trial, I observed the solemn and dignified manner in which they laid their hands upon their hearts, and pronounced guilty or not guilty "*upon my honour.*" I contemplated with heartfelt satisfaction the high opinion

which foreigners (many of whom were then present) must have entertained of the purity, honour, and dignity, of this supreme branch of the legislature of my native land.

But, alas! Mr. Satirist, I am roused from these "best feelings of my nature," to others painful and degrading to me as a man and a Briton; to see a peer of the realm in whom honour and dignity should be eminently conspicuous, whose character even the breath of calumny should never sully, and who is bound only by honour to decide upon life and death; I say, to see such a man horsewhipped by a taylor on a public race-course, must shock the feelings of every friend to his country, and in my opinion, is not only degrading to himself, but reflects the highest dishonour upon the house of which he is an unworthy member.

Your strictures (in a late Number of the Satirist) on a pluralist and his noble patron, have induced me to trouble you with this letter, and I assure you that those strictures have met with universal approbation here, from every man who wishes well to church and state.

Hereford, P. M. E. H. Sen.
September 16, 1808.

THE ARTS.

No. VIII.

"Promise with caution."

"Honour's a sacred tie—the law of kings.
It ought not to be sported with."—Addison.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Sheldon, the situation of Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy has become vacant, and our *interest* has been solicited in favour of three—to mention no more—of the most respectable ana-

tomists in Great Britain, who have offered themselves as candidates to succeed him: namely, Messrs. Anthony Carlisle, Charles Bell, and Joshua Brookes.

Proud as we are to feel, and pleased as we are to be supposed to feel—an interest in whatever either immediately or remotely respects the welfare of art: greatly as we desire to widen as much as possible the field of our usefulness; often as it has fallen to our lot to advertise *anatomical vacancies* whilst looking for the brains of certain political monsters, we certainly had not purposed to extend our researches nor our lucubrations towards such objects as have now presented themselves, but as all the talents of all the artists, and all the surgeons, are in full exertion, our hopes and fears could not but find the way to our spectacles, and at length to our dissecting knives and our pens.

We shall not begin by anatomising the respective professional claims of the gentlemen who are candidates: *That is for the Royal Academy to do.* But, having heard from various quarters that Messrs. Brookes and Bell have been strenuously advised to withdraw their pretensions, on account of so large a majority of the Royal Academicians having engaged their votes to Mr. Carlisle, we deem it right (having the good of this Institution much at heart) to oppose this advice to the utmost; to conjure them by all that is just and honourable, *not* to desist; and even to tell them that they cannot desist upon these grounds, without throwing a slur upon the members of the Royal Academy, and impeaching the purity of Mr. Carlisle's motives in prosecuting his canvas with such unprecedented rapidity.

Unless the time had been fixed, and had elapsed, beyond which no person could be allowed to announce himself a candidate, the favourable reception of a particular applicant, in whatever terms it may be couched, can be un-

derstood to signify no more than an admission of his eligibility. We are very sure this is all the R. A.'s can possibly mean by promises, as they have been called, made to Mr. Carlisle and his friends, for they *cannot* bind themselves by an absolute promise of this kind, neither is it for a moment to be supposed that they would if they could.

It may not be improper to add a few words on both these points. First: No Royal Academician can promise his vote to a candidate for a vacant professorship, till he knows the names at least, to say nothing at present of the qualifications, of all the candidates who may be proposed within the appointed time. We do not mean by this, to deny that an Academician's lips may move, and his voice give utterance to sentiments unworthy of his situation: nor shall we take upon ourselves to prove that a man may not cut his own throat if he is positively resolved that Mr. Carlisle shall sew it up, since this he may certainly do in spite of all the reasoning that may be brought against such an act—and so, alas! may a Royal Academy.

We mean that men cannot legally nor rationally enter into an inferior obligation, whilst they are bound by a superior obligation of a contrary nature; and that no man can have a right to promise where he possesses not the power to perform.

Now every Royal Academician at the time of his enrolment, binds himself by his honour, which, we believe, is attested by his own signature, conscientiously and to the utmost of his power to promote his Majesty's most gracious intentions in founding the Royal Academy; and of this obligation he is reminded—*un*necessary as the admonition may be, every time his eye glances over the printed abstract of the laws of the Institution.

An Academician, therefore, cannot, without a palpable

infraction of the terms upon which he was admitted a member of the Institution, and a consequent abrogation of his own rights and privileges, and a manifest dereliction of his duties, we will add—enter into an engagement to promote the appointment of any *one*, before he is acquainted with the names—nay, before he has conscientiously investigated the qualifications of *all* the candidates that may offer upon any given occasion. Upon the present occasion, those who, if any, have been unwise enough to write or say that they acknowledge the high claims of the author of "the Anatomy of Expression," but have already promised their votes to Mr. Carlisle, must bear to be told that all such promises are null; and Mr. Carlisle, and those friends who are anxious for his success upon honourable grounds, must lay themselves open to the conviction, that *if* they have solicited and received such promises—they are not valid.

Next.—It is not for a moment to be supposed—or but for a moment—that the members of the academy would compromise the interests of their Institution by their binding themselves, even if they were at full liberty so to do. What! shall Royal Academicians, who know so well; who in the disposal of public commissions in art, so often and so recently "have felt the influence of malignant star;" who complain so loudly, and we fear, so justly, of the baneful effects of personal friendship, and other extrinsic motives on their own professional pursuits—in short of private motives, supplanting public duty—Shall *they* be solicited to promise their votes, under *any* prematurity of circumstances? And shall they listen, and yield to such solicitations? It cannot, must not, be.

Having stated that Royal Academicians, as well as royal families, are bound by the laws by which they became royal, and that these laws do but oblige them to pursue

their own best interests, we may now be permitted to offer a few words on the merits and claims of the candidates for the vacant professorship.

It has been already stated that we think highly of the professional powers of all the candidates: all are known to be most excellent surgeons and anatomists. Messrs. Brookes and Bell have long since distinguished themselves by their lectures delivered to *students in surgery*, and Mr. Carlisle by his philosophical researches, as well as in his practice. But the author of "the Anatomy of Expression," has gone far beyond all this, and in that publication has already done more for imitative art, than all the past professors of anatomy with which the Royal Academy has been graced, from the period of its establishment. He has shewn, that his mind has dwelt long and successfully upon the connection between the study of anatomy and the arts of painting and sculpture. He has traced relations between them that were heretofore unknown. He has formed the characters, and cast the types, and modelled the grammar, by means of which the young historical painter or sculptor must learn to record and transmit the events which it may fall to his lot to perpetuate. Mr. Bell appears therefore to us, to be so peculiarly accomplished for a professorship to an academy of arts, that those academicians who really feel—and we ought to presume that they all feel—for the future advancement of art, would rather consult their own honour and delicacy in being solicitors to him, than in allowing him to become so to them. Nevertheless, as Messrs. Carlisle and Brookes, may possess knowledge and powers which, either from want of the necessary stimulus, or proper opportunity, they have not yet publicly displayed, we would humbly—for we have put off our satirical garb—recommend that each candidate shall be invited to evince

the nature and strength of his claims in fair competition with his opponents, by delivering two* probationary lectures before the members of the Royal Academy.

It should be recollected, that when they elect an artist into their own body, they always do so from what they know of his abilities (displayed in the public exhibitions), as compared with those of his rival candidates. It seems fit that this principle should be extended to the candidates for anatomical honours, and that a similar opportunity should be afforded *them* of exhibiting their powers and pretensions, and the *academicians* of judging which of them has the easiest and most demonstrative manner of conveying to students the instructions which it will become his duty, if successful, to impart; and which possesses most science in connecting his anatomical studies with the pursuits of imitative art. P. G. S.

THE LOITERER.

No. X.

That every thing in this world progressively degenerates, is an opinion too generally and firmly established to be shaken by argument. People are apt to reason from analogy, and no mode of reasoning is more fallacious. Natural productions are seen to arrive gradually at strength and perfection, and having reached maturity, as gradually to sink into decay: but it does not, therefore, follow, that the moral world must be subject to the same laws. For if the proposition should be inverted, and from the alleged degeneracy of the moral world an equal degeneracy in the physical should be presumed, it might be

* Or as many as the academicians may think necessary, in order to enable them to form their election.

inferred, that brambles were once as tall and stout as oaks, and the rose of Damascus as large as a red cabbage.

But, supposing it to be true that the world has thus degenerated, and still continues rapidly declining from its pristine excellence, it is somewhat singular that they, who only profess to hold a mirror up to nature, and shew things as they really are, should be censured or contemned, because the forms reflected in their mirror are less beautiful and less perfect than those representations of former times, which are still preserved, and are now contemplated with so much admiration and delight. It would be very unreasonable in a modern noble, if, when his portrait came to be placed among those of his illustrious ancestors, he should quarrel with the painter because it had none of their dignity or grace, and had so little apparent affinity with them as to seem like a dancing-master or groom, sneaking into the company of princes. Yet no less injustice is committed by comparing the works of our modern dramatists with those of former times. If the world degenerates, the stage, which is that world in miniature, must degenerate equally, or else it will not be a faithful representation; and it should seem, therefore, that there is much propriety and good sense in the opinion, which the managers of our theatres appear to have adopted, and for some time to have acted on, that those, who have the least wit or abilities of any sort themselves, are the fittest persons to present on the stage a picture of modern manners.

Considering the subject then in this way, there would be found little reason to complain of want of genius for dramatic composition, since the question would not be, whether the pieces, which are now manufactured for the stage, have intrinsically any merit, but whether their absolute want of all merit is not their highest recommendation. The stage, like every thing else in this country, is considered by those who direct it as a mere commer-

cial speculation, and their own interest, therefore, is, of course, the chief object they keep in view. They must have such goods as are in most request among their customers, or their shop will be deserted. It will not answer their purpose to have on sale only some scarce commodities, for which none, perhaps, but a few curious people, who set themselves up for connoisseurs, have a taste. They know that it is by the million they are supported, and the million, therefore, they must please. If the general taste can only relish macaroni and slip-slop, it would be an idle waste to prepare dishes of higher flavour and more curious cookery. The same principle is very properly observed in other branches of poetry. Those rhyme-joiners, who have obtained most reputation among the readers of fashionable poetry, have discovered the necessity of not soaring beyond the level of fashionable comprehension; and have, in consequence, with most admirable dexterity, contrived to dress up their skeletons and shadows of thought in a garb of the most infantine simplicity. It is not easy, indeed, to find terms sufficiently expressive of the admiration and gratitude that is due to the disinterestedness with which they sacrifice all hopes of posthumous fame to the amusement of their cotemporaries: for it is not to be supposed, that the writers of six-week epics, of ballads, of lays, and of tales, would have found any difficulty in covering the same number of pages, that is, if the same quantity of margin were allowed, with something that might have had at least as fair a chance of immortality, as the *ancient minstrelsie* of our nurseries.

Theatrical entertainments were undoubtedly intended for the amusement of the people in general: such was their origin at least in Greece and Rome; and as the managers of our theatres derive a very considerable revenue from the general passion for this species of amusement, no doubt can be had that they make every exertion to render

the entertainment, which they present to the public, as perfect as possible; of course they employ no persons to compose or select plays, but such as are known to themselves, or come to them *highly* recommended. The propriety of such a system is obvious, and its admirable consequences are notorious. There are about half a dozen regular play-makers, and perhaps nearly twice as many farce, and opera, and melo-drame selectors, translators, and adaptors, who do the regular work of the two houses, and are always ready to execute any extra jobs. When the alledged dearth of dramatic genius is considered, such a number may well be supposed to monopolize and concentrate in themselves all the talent that can be found; and as they make a trade of it, they must no doubt be supposed to understand their work, and the use of their tools better than any others, who, without their professional advantages, should attempt a competition. It is only necessary indeed to examine their works, to be satisfied of the hopelessness of any attempt to equal them, either in ingenuity of design or felicity of execution.

Some who, by means which it is not necessary here to enquire into, have obtained the reputation of understanding matters of this sort, but whose dogmas have long since fallen into neglect, have asserted* that novelty and interest of plot, characters drawn faithfully from nature, and judiciously grouped and varied, a dialogue easy and natural yet enlivened with wit, or, as the scene required, heightened by pathos, were necessary to the formation of a drama. A modern play presents a complete refutation of this error.

Satisfied of the truth of the observation that there is

* Illud genus narrationis, quod in personis positum est, debet habere sermonis festivitatem, animorum dissimilitudinem, gravitatem, lenitatem, spem, metum, suspicionem, desiderium, dissimulationem, misericordiam, rerum varietates, fortunæ commutationem, insperatum incommodum, subitam lætitiam, jucundum exitum rerum.

Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. I.

nothing new under the sun, a modern play-maker is too pious to think of giving the lie to holy writ, by exhibiting any thing to the contrary in his plot; and without hesitation, therefore, copies very faithfully from any that are at hand, or best suit his purpose. His characters are certainly all of them, in one sense of the word, natural, but he wisely leaves the actors and dresser to give them variety; well-knowing, that the face or voice of a favourite comedian, the whimsical cut of his coat, or the ridiculous shape of his wig or hat, will better distinguish the persons of his drama, than any attempt on his part to mark them by difference of manners or habits, and that the distinction will at the same time be better understood by the audience. This is undoubtedly a wonderful saving of labour and genius; an advantage over the ancient dramatists, for which the moderns are indebted to the introduction of appropriate dresses and scenery. In the dialogue, as was before observed,* they conscientiously avoid all approaches to wit and humour, lest, by accident, they should be led by them into the paths of immorality: and they never venture, therefore, beyond two or three harmless puns, that have maintained an unimpeached reputation for half a century, in every jest-book that has been published, or a few practical jokes, as innocent of meaning as of mirth.

The taste of an audience that can admire and be amused by such exhibitions admits of no dispute, and it is equally certain, that they who have undertaken the task are perfectly well qualified to gratify it to its utmost height. If the same retrograde motion be continued only a short time longer, there can be no doubt that the stage will soon be restored to that interesting simplicity which marked its infant state. In Spain, indeed, it should seem, that they have got the start of us in this literary race; and on the principal stages of that kingdom, Nebuchadnezzar eats grass and bellows like a bull, and it is considered an un-

† See Loiterer, No. IX.

common good joke when the clown tosses Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, into a fiery oven. It is to be hoped, however, that the opportunity of profiting by their example, which the present familiar intercourse between Spain and England affords, will not be lost: but that our dramatists will proceed one step further, and instead of characters in their own plays, restore the twelve apostles to their ancient rank in the drama, and for their own wit substitute the whims and jealousies of punchinello and his family.

PRETENDERS TO WISDOM.

Oft have I seen, at midnight hour,
High perch'd upon some ivied tow'r,
With solemn face, in gravest plight,
The drowsy moping bird of night;
With half-shut eyes, and look austere,
That seem'd to say—(to Fancy's ear)
"Mortals! behold the child of Wisdom here!"
Thus has it been my lot to mark
Full many a dull and empty spark,
Who, fearful to expôse his shame,
And thus acquire his proper name,—
Pretends all converse to despise;
Assumes a dark mysterious guise;
As if all silence were accounted—*wise!*
I like not one whose noisy tongue
Is like some curious clock-work hung;
Which when you've set it once in play,
Untired, will go the livelong day:
But still as little him I prize,
Whose want of words proclaims him wise;
For if mere silence argues sense,
And is of wisdom evidence,
A post or stone would merit reverence!

THE

LONDON TRADESMAN's DAUGHTER.

A FACT.

ONE of the most censurable recreations of the opulent tradesmen of London, is their annual visits to some fashionable watering place, where the contagion of liscentiousness soon vitiates the morals of their wives and daughters. The following recent instance of the danger of frequenting those haunts of levity, ought to excite an alarm in the mind of every virtuous parent.

Lucy P———, the daughter of an opulent tradesman in the Strand, was educated with the utmost care. Her proficiency in the ornamental accomplishments, was the admiration of her friends, and the pride of her parents. Her person, lovely from the hand of Nature, was rendered still more attractive by the aid of art; she danced and sung delightfully; and her beautiful countenance was brightened by the bloom of health; animated by the smile of youthful gaiety. This charming girl, with the approbation of her parents, accompanied Mrs. L——— in a trip to Brighton, that rendezvous of the great and the gay, where dissipation is esteemed honorable, and where conjugal infidelity is inculcated by the precepts and example of the *great*.

Introduced to the fashionable circles, the accomplished Lucy soon excited the attention of all men of *pleasure*; surrounded by flatterers her vanity overcame her prudence, and yielding to the dictates of her inclination, she eloped with the honorable Captain *Dullhead*.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

The unfortunate girl now discovered that pleasure and happiness were not the same. Her seducer conveyed her to lodgings at Richmond, where he left her, under the pretext of being obliged to join his regiment, but Lucy never more beheld him. She languished in all the misery of suspence till she received a letter from the captain, in which he bade her a final adieu. Thus adandoned and dishonoured, destitute of friends and of the means of subsistence, she accidentally attracted the admiration of a dissolute young merchant, who made her a pecuniary offer, which she had not the virtue to refuse. Misled by false splendour, Lucy now rattled through the principal streets and squares of London in her chariot, attended by well dressed menials; but the bankruptcy of her admirer once more cast her destitute upon the world, and her heart was now so depraved, that she resolved to live by prostitution.

She had recourse to cosmetics to heighten her charms; her health gradually declined, and her only friend was a female, who had, like herself, strayed into the path of error. This unhappy girl advised Lucy to accompany her into the Magdalen Hospital; but the pride of the tradesman's daughter rejected this excellent resource, and she secretly resolved to terminate her existence by suicide.

While Lucy thus passed through the gradations of infamy, her wretched parents endeavoured to discover her situation, and advertisements were published, inviting her to return to her paternal home; her companion happened to peruse one of them, and immediately wrote to Mr. P——, with an account of the miserable state of his daughter. He hastened to her lodgings in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, to reclaim his child—but he came too late.—Lucy had prevailed on a female attend-

ant to purchase a quantity of corrosive sublimate, which she dissolved in a cup of tea, and swallowed, unobserved by her companion. The work of death was soon begun; and that form and face, which had charmed thousands, became suddenly distorted and convulsed. Her companion, alarmed at the sudden change in her countenance, hastened to support her in her arms; and at the same moment her father was announced. As he entered the apartment, he uttered an exclamation of horror,—the wretched victim of levity and seduction was expiring, and had only strength enough left to ask his forgiveness, when a convulsive motion, and a deep groan terminated the sorrows of this lovely victim of liscentiousness.

May this melancholy tale meet the eye of her destroyer; and, if he has a heart, his conscience will bitterly avenge her wrongs.

ON SATIRE.

MR. SATIRIST,

I fell into company the other day with a cynical old gentleman, who occasionally reads your publication, and knowing that I do the same, he asked my opinion of it, first of all spontaneously giving me his own, viz. That it was a scurrilous and abusive work, possessing neither merit nor utility, and with scarcely a whit of good sense, good manners, or good nature to recommend it; in short that it ought to be suppressed, as well as every other satirical publication. I frankly told him, I considered it upon the whole as an ingenious and useful performance, calculated to do much good, by lashing vice and holding folly up to ridicule,—that its object was noble, and that I not only wished it success, but would contribute to it. The old gentleman, who

expected to have found a supporter where he met with an opponent, hung his head in silence, and would fain have turned the conversation to another subject, but I would not let him off; I stuck closely to the point, and thus I expatiated to him:—

A Satirist of Genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candor and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue, and every well-wisher to mankind. He may be considered as a sort of supplement to the legislative authority and penal inflictions of his country, as assisting the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for the regulation of manners, and striking horror even when the prohibitions of Heaven itself are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well-directed ridicule. They who fear nothing else, dread to be exposed to the contempt and indignation of the world.

There is no such thing as succeeding in the secret purposes of fraud and dishonesty, without preserving some sort of credit amongst mankind. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse; but as proving, likewise, the most efficacious preventive to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and, when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find that the conflict

is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem the function of a Satirist may be justified, notwithstanding there may be some truth in the assertion of a celebrated moralist, that his chastisements rather exasperate than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself; and the principal benefit, that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others, the object of all penal laws being to deter, not to punish.

It is not every arm, however, that is qualified to draw this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, fall short of their mark,—recoil upon the hand that directs them,—and wound none but him from whom they proceed.—Accordingly Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort, upon the Satirist's being *Integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral pollutions which he reprehends in others.

There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, or a more contemptible character than that of a vicious Satirist. The most favorable light in which a public *Censor* of this cast could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts that punishment on others, which he has merited himself. But, in fact, he is not even qualified for this wretched office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from a Satirist of known bad character, but his applause.

As I concluded my harrangue, the old gentleman told me I had shewn the matter quite in a new light, and that he agreed with me in *most* of my positions.

I hope, Mr. Satirist, you agree with me in all.

X. Y. Z.

PROVINCIAL CHARACTERS,

Drawn from Life.

No. II.

The Barber's Wife, of Bristol.

IN this tragi-comical state of existence, called modern refinement, perhaps no absurdity is more diverting and ridiculous than the airs assumed by fortunate individuals on their coming into the possession of unexpected wealth. An instance of prosperous vulgarity lately came within my observation in this city.

A barber, who resided many years in the vicinity of our principal square, and had contributed, by his art, to the embellishment of many a commercial loggerhead, has recently retired from business. On going to his shop, I was rather surprised to find Mr. Frizzle preparing to abandon his old customers, and expressed my regret at his intention. The good man modestly thanked me for former favours, but seemed wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his future happiness in the calm shades of retirement. Not so the gentle and elegant Mrs. Frizzle; she appeared animated with all the vivacity of fifteen, turned up her nose, which is none of the smallest, at all her old acquaintance, and me amongst the rest;* scarcely deigning to return the common compliments, while her elevated brow evinced the excess of her pride. All this was a mystery to me, for Mr. Frizzle thought proper to conceal his sudden prosperity. I promised to revisit him before his departure from Bristol; and, in a few days, when I again entered the repository of tresses, wigs, and perfumery, I found Mrs. Frizzle busied in

* We congratulate our Bristol correspondent on the *respectability* of his friends.

packing up a variety of family utensils, and surrounded by an atmosphere of dust, like Satan in his ring.

I found, on enquiry, that Mr. Frizzle was then at his seat in the country, whither he had gone to make the requisite preparations for the reception of his lady. My curiosity was excited, yet I could scarcely refrain from laughing at the consequential airs of his amiable spouse. "I see you are preparing for your journey," said I: "Yes," replied Mrs Frizzle, "I have nearly done, most of our goods are on board a coaster, and they have almost filled the vessel. I shall set out with my son and daughter to-morrow, in a chaise, for Gloucester. We shall continue a day or two in that city, and proceed in a *chaise and four* to our estate at Cwryddawr, near Milford." "Your estate, Mrs. Frizzle!" "Yes, our estate, sir," said the lady, elevating her chin with an air of dignity that would have done honour to Lady Phillips herself. "As for my mode of travelling, it may appear extravagant to you, Mr. ———, but I have money in my pocket to pay the expences," continued she, striking her rump with her right-hand, "a rich relation has left my husband three, four, or five hundred a year, I don't know which, but it is *one on 'em*: I expect we shall be very happy." Mrs. Frizzle then proceeded in packing up glasses and china, some whole and some broken; and her care on this occasion reminded me of the frugality of Mrs. Gilpin:—

> "Though she was on pleasure bent
> She had a frugal mind."

While I beheld the amiable Mrs. Frizzle thus laudably engaged, I could not help feeling a sympathetic concern for the irreparable loss which will be sustained in her departure by the gossips in the vicinity of Queen Square, Bristol. Mrs. Frizzle, from her superior power

of scandal, had long been looked up to by the sisterhood for instructions in the science of back-biting. Her volubility would only be equalled by her malevolence; and so uncontrollable was her Welch spirit, that "many a time and oft" has she inflicted the castigation of her nails, and still worse, of her tongue, on her unfortunate yoke-fellow. Want of subjects for the exercise of her eloquence will probably drive her mad—she may scold her Welch servants, indeed, but it will only be a waste of her satiric powers on unworthy objects.

Mrs. Frizzle would have been a most excellent consort for the illustrious Sir Richard Phillips. By her curtain lectures she would have subdued the ferocity of that granivorous knight, and she would at the same time have gratified his ostentatious vanity by a continual exhibition of their equipage, in the principal streets of London; the very printers' devils, attached to the book manufactory of Bridge Street, would have been compelled by her lady-ship, to swell her pompous train. It may appear invidious to compare the fortunate barber's wife, of Bristol, with the puffing publisher, but they are, by an association of ideas, inseparably connected—equally ridiculous and contemptible for their insolence and vanity.—They both remind us of the following lines of an elegant Satirist:—

" Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and mislead the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find,
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind;
Pride where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Bristol, October, 1808.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

THE CANTAB.

No. VII.

" Vênere expressly ut speechificarent:"—Dr. Geddes.

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity on his arrival at Cambridge are *the schools*. To the freshman they are peculiarly interesting, not only as affording some criterion of the general merits of a university education, but as opening to him the first prospect of those rewards, which the dark and gloomy porters of the temple of university honours have reserved for the disciples of Simeon and Woodhouse.

For what purpose institutions, so injurious to the students, and so derogatory to the character of those who are intrusted with their education, are continued, it is not easy to conjecture. That they have little tendency to promote the interests of classical literature, every impartial graduate will readily admit; and that they present a very fallible criterion of the relative merit of the disputants is evident from the repeated changes in the arrangement of the brackets. But if it be absolutely necessary that some idea should be formed of a man's powers of disputation as well as of his mathematical proficiency, that object might be much more readily attained by rejecting the incumbrance of Latin. It is not to be concluded, that because a student is acquainted with the classics, he can converse with even tolerable elegance in a dead language. A man may rise superior to every competitor in those branches of learning, of his proficiency in which it is the duty of a moderator to judge, without being able to contend even with a Webster or a Peyton in the jingle of *horrorific* sounds, which strikes the ear of a freshman at his first appearance at the scene of disputation. The combinations of x and y are much more simply and neatly expressed in

vulgar English, than in the garbled phraseology of Cicero and Petronius. The strange medley of heterogeneous subjects usually introduced by the moderator, precludes the possibility of arguing in the mere technical language of mathematical science, and the student, in his attempts to express *modern* ideas in ancient language is compelled to descend to barbarism, and peculiarities which have a very deplorable effect on his more important literary pursuits.

If it even be granted that the schools are of some service in exciting among the under-graduates a spirit of emulation, it must, on the other hand, be admitted that this purpose is much more likely to be promoted by an English disputation than a Latin one. The *act*, and his opponents relieved from the embarrassment of a foreign language, would have greater leisure to make themselves masters of the subjects; their attention, instead of being distracted by a multiplicity of unmeaning phrases, would only be directed to the merits of the argument; and (which is of more consequence) they would not only understand each other, but be understood by the by-standers: a circumstance which, in the present state of scholastic discipline, seldom occurs.

The same statutes which direct that Latin should be spoken *in the schools*, are equally explicit in commanding that it shall be the only language of social intercourse. In some of the colleges the scholars were obliged, in compliance with the will of the founder, to read, in rotation, *two chapters of the Greek Testament* to the fellows at *dinner time*. If the statutes may be violated with justice or propriety in these instances, they may be violated with equal justice and propriety in every other point of discipline.

It must not be imagined that, in order to dispute on any subject, it is necessary to understand. The undergraduates of Cambridge are too wise to pore over the Principia of Newton, when they can acquire a perfect

knowledge of his reasonings at a *bitching-party*.* If neither the act nor the opponent be a candidate for *an honour*, they come to an amicable adjustment of the topics of dispute, and the mode of reasoning previous to their appearance. The thesis of the respondent is usually a scrap of *dog-Latin*, written forty or fifty years ago, and transferred in every variety of form to every student at the university. It is not an uncommon circumstance for a man to read the thesis which had been read the day before by his opponent. Of the logical precision, the classical purity of language, and the tendency of every subject started by the moderator to elucidate the argument, the following *curiosity* will present a very satisfactory specimen. The sketch is far from being exaggerated, and we believe that Mr. Woodhouse will do us the justice to acknowledge that it is tolerably correct.

DISPUTATION ON THE MORAL QUESTION.

THESIS.—"*Recte statuit Lockius de qualitates corpōrum.*

In auctoritate Lockii confido, cum magna confidentia, et ergo credo quod ille *rectus est* (*that he is right*). Materia est idea abstracta vel *non* abstracta. Si *non est* idea abstracta, tunc non possumus eam concipere independente de aliis corporibus, sed si idea abstracta *est*, non possumus concipere facile *in seipse tantum* (*by itself, abstractedly*). Sed ego vido te, O *magnanississimus moderatorius!* et *tuam tunicam nigram* (*and thy black gown*). Sed tunica nigra tua, possum videre cùm non eam utis, et supra *sopham* reclinatus est, et sine meditando de te, O reverandissimo Domine (*I am able to see it when thou dost not use it, and when it lies upon the sopha, without thinking of thee, O most, &c.*). Igittur possum concipere ideam abstractam. *Hinc* (*by this reasoning it appears that*) Berkleius confutatus est, et Lockii veritas, et argu-

* An *elegant* Cambridge term for a *tea* party.

menti magna potentia (*Locke's veracity and great power of argument*) visenda sunt a toto mundo. Arceo! Arceo! *tunc* servum pecus! imitatores! In scholis sophistarum ad Cantabrigiam sub Woodhousium, vestra argumenta *exterminata sint*.

Moderator. *Ascendat opponentium primus*.

Opp. 1*us*. Lockius dixit quod concipere possumus ideam abstractam de *colore alba* (*white colour*). C. Q.

Sed albus non est color simplex, sed composita ex aliis *quinque* coloribus. K. C. A. A.

Ergo si concipemus idea albi abstracta, non id est idea abstracta coloris (*it is not an abstract idea of colour, but of all the colours united*).

Respondent. (After many more arguments in what is called the syllogistic form, quitting the trammels of *common* logic, and proceeding more diffusely.) Caxon *Parrii* albus est. Sed secundum tuum argumentum albus non est color. Ergo Caxon Parrii est neminis coloris (*of no colour*). Sed idea Caxonis Parrii abstractus est, nam non possumus contemplare aliquid simillima, vel comparanda cum illo, vel in figura, vel in mensura, vel in magnitudine. *Idea unica* est. Sed idea unica est idea abstracta. Ergo Caxon Parrii est idea abstracta. Hinc Lockius rectus est.

Moderator. Cum magna laude, et multo ingenio, Domine opponens disputasti. *Ascendat opponentium secundus*.

Ruber color est (red is a colour).
Sed naso *Sheridani* ruber est.
Ergo naso Sheridani de certo colore *est*.

Opponentium secundus. Cum meditamus de nasoni *Sheridani* non habemus solum idea de colore rubro, sed etiam de causi*bus* coloris, de festibus amicorum, de vino vulgo vocato Burgundy, de vehiculo de nomine W—— & Co. de domo in Piccadillio, de foro *Westmonasterii*, et de

multis aliis causis quæ promovere ad nasonis rubicundatem.

Ergo non est color nasonis Sheridani idea abstracta omnino plusquam (*any more than*) sui *filii* perdicitia, quam Cobbettii sua vitas, quam Burdettii, fæcundissima oratio, vel quam virtus, abilitas, integritas, et humilitas—

"Omnorum talentorum."

Hinc naso Sheridani premovet argumentum.

Moderator. Ascendat opponentium tertius. Domine opponentium secundus satis dixisti!

Respondent. Color est propertas corporum(a property of bodies).

3d Opponent. NEGO.

Moderator. *Cur*!*

3d Opponent. Nescio!

Respondent. Affirmo!

3d Opponent. Etiam!

Moderator. Negasti, et approbasti *sine auditu argumentum unum.*

3d Opponent. Etiam.

Moderator. Quid est Latinum pro *ars musica?*

3d Opponent. *Bumfiddle.*

Moderator. *Rectum* Domine. *Proced-AS.*

3d Opponent. Etiam.

Moderator. O stultissimus! quid est *circulum.*

3d Opponent. Circulum est figura circumscripta *per unam lineam rectam.*

Moderator. Quid est tibi nomen.

3d Opponent. Nescio!

Moderator to 3d Op. Descend-AS!

Moderator (*to Act and Opponent*). O gemini! vestra argumenta admirabilia fuerunt, et *nos* putamus quod *ego*† possum ea elicidare, in favore respondenti! Nam

* Sure this is *dog* Latin?

† Vid. sentence the first of preface to Euripides's Troades, edited by George Burges, A. B. Trin. Coll. Cant.

nemo dicerere potest *Twiss** sine contemplando in eodem tempore utensillam vocatam per profanum vulgus *urinalis*. Sed Dominus Twiss *semper* vacuus est; *urinales* ALIQUANDO plena sunt,—ergo Twiss non est urinalis in *rationis oculo* (*in the eye of reason*), sed idea ille est *urinalis*. Igitur hæc idea non vera *est*, *id est*, non distincta *est*, id *est*, non abstracta est. *Hinc* Berkleius rectus est.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. I.

IN this portentous age, when the revolutions of empires are almost as frequent as those of the heavenly planets, it is greatly to be lamented that no treatise on politics has appeared, which is not either too complex to be understood by common capacities, or too voluminous to be perused by the generality of mankind. It is neither my intention to depreciate the works of others, nor to extol my own; I shall, therefore, only observe, that all my predecessors were knaves and idiots, and that these ELEMENTS will be found to contain every thing that is necessary to instruct the inexperienced, or perfect the veteran politician.† Nothing has contributed more to render the glorious science of politics obscure and difficult, than the varied and erroneous explanations of its principles, which have been given by lexicographers and others. Politics, says BAILEY, "is the maintenance of the public *safety*, *order*, *tranquillity*, and *good morals*.

The absurdity of which definition has already been *practically* proved by Mr. William Cobbett. *Vide his Political Register, passim.* Sheridan asserts, that the word

* Vide Satirist, No. II. p. 212.

† Vide the prospectus of divers newspapers.

politics signifies the art of running in debt, being derived from the Greek πολιτικη, a compound of πολυς, *many*, and τικη, a *tick*, or *debt*. Mr. Windham imagines that the word was originally spelt thus, "poli-*tricks*," *q. d.* "*many-tricks*."—But it is time to have done with the errors of the ignorant and the quibbles of the learned.

From whatever outlandish language the word may be derived, experience has plainly demonstrated that the science of politics embraces a variety of objects, besides protecting debtors, and exhibiting the tricks of lunatic schemers. It teaches how to disgust allies, exhilirate foreign, and encourage domestic enemies; to depress public spirit, perplex ministers, and revile monarchs. It enables the man whom nature has blessed with impudence and an innate horror of truth, to pursue his own interest in the several successive capacities of private soldier, traitor, deserter, *sans-culotte*, loyal editor, "false and malicious libeler," violent royalist and outrageous Burdettite; and, finally, to become as honorably opulent as Mr. WILLIAM COBBETT.

I shall divide my Elements into two books: in the first of which I shall treat of LITERARY POLITICS, and in the second of ORATORICAL. The same *definitions*, however, are applicable to both.

DEFINITIONS.

1 CORRUPTION is a real or an imaginary crime, of which every minister must, *ex officio*, be presumed to be guilty.—*Vide* Pol. Reg.

2. A STATE DELINQUENT is a man high in office, or in the confidence of his Sovereign.

A SHEER FOOL is a man who supposes an event will happen which a political writer has proved "to his own

* Vide Political Register, vol xii. p. 578.

satisfaction"* cannot take place, but which actually does happen, as in the case of the expatriation of the court of Portugal.† Also, generally, one who differs from us in opinion.

4. CONSISTENCY,—the unremitting and invariable pursuit of self-interest.

5. INCONSISTENCY, is an outrageous and unpardonable crime in our adversaries, but which we may practise ourselves, provided we account for it "in a manner satisfactory to—ourselves."‡

6. INDEPENDENCE, is the felicitous absence of all civil and religious restraint, and a glorious disregard of all laws human and divine.

7. POPULARITY, is that applause which is obtained by the *artful* from the mouths of the *artless*.

8. SATIRISTS,—"literary vermin, who write *by the foot;* who come to the pay-table on a Saturday night, like weavers or tinkers;" who have the audacity to attack mighty Sheriffs, and the temerity to exasperate political prostitutes.

(PROBLEMS 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, *and* 7, *in our next.*)

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS!!!"

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Roman.—JUV.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE *Broad-bottomites*, or *Big-endians*, as Lord Bolingbroke stiles them, (Spirit of Patriotism, p. 40) acting un-

* Vide Political Register, vol. xii. p. 808.

† Ibid. vol. xii. p. 578.

‡ Ibid. vol. xiv. page 398.

der the inspiration of that "philanthrophy," which dictated their favourite toast of "civil and religious liberty all over the world," have long attempted the abolition of the law of civil arrest. In the prosecution of this design, they have favoured the public with much impassioned declamation, much theoretic disquisition; but they have never yet condescended to communicate to us any practical substitute for the regulation which they wish to abrogate. They have, indeed, proclaimed the obliquity of our present ways; but have not had the kindness to direct us to any means of rectification.

To convey instruction to "*All the Talents*," and to supply the omissions of their political omniscience and omnipotence, is an excellence, Mr. Satirist, "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," by any one, except yourself. Your pages, therefore, claim an exclusive right to every species of admonition addressed to these gentlemen.

Mr. Addison informs us, in his travels in several parts of Italy, that, in the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone, superscribed *lapis vituperii*. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pounds, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone, in a full hall, clears himself of any further prosecution from his creditors.

Now, as this mode of acquittance seems peculiarly adapted to the *Broad-bottomites*, or *Big-endians*, I would humbly suggest to them, in case they should ever succeed in their attempts to abolish the existing law of debtor and creditor, the expedience of having a similar erection in London. The example of the metropolis would, doubtless, be followed by every principal town in England.

The stone to be used on this occasion should be *free-stone*; unless it be wished that the materials and the use of the erection should correspond more exactly, in which case the seat may be made of *composition*. The opprobrious

name affixed to the Italian original will, of course, be rejected for the more attractive one of *lapis libertatis*. "The muses, still with freedom found," will doubtless supply a poetical inscription, and the sculptor may ornament the sides with a cap of liberty and other appropriate devices.

Whenever this law takes place, the homely appellation, which at present designates a sheriff's officer, will no longer be chargeable with corruption or inaccuracy. For the man who executes this new law of insolvency may be truly stiled *a bum-bailiff*.

But to attempt an enumeration of all the advantages which may be expected to result from this "new order of things*" would be an endless labour. Knowing its projectors, I cannot but believe

——"adeo sunt multa, loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium.

I shall, therefore, content myself with noticing one of the most obvious and important of them. It will readily occur to you, Mr. Satirist, that I allude to the freedom of purchase, which this new and "perfect law of liberty" will introduce, by destroying the restraints at present existing. You must be sensible how powerful a detergent the terror of *durance vile* is, from the practice of buying without the remotest intention of payment. How many a man, according to the present system of things, is constrained, in grief of heart, to acknowledge mentally, that—*but for those vile jails, himself had been a debtor!* this, in a free country, is truly intolerable.

I remain, Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient servant,

October 6, 1808. ANGLICANUS.

* It is almost superfluous to observe, that, according to orthodox *modern* politics, a NEW must be A BETTER ORDER OF THINGS!

JOCULAR BIOGRAPHY.

LETTER III.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE Epigrammatists, or retailers of smart sayings, next present themselves to our notice; a species of wits probably sprung from a cross-breed of the Punsters and Snarlers, but who, from their being brought up in the most polished and refined circles of society, have more ingenuity than the first, and elegance than the latter. They are the *petit-maîtres* of literature, who exert their whole powers of mind in the dressing of thoughts, and, like fops of fashion, rank according to their smartness. Like Esop's cock, they are ever scratching on dunghills for the pearl—wit; with a whimsical ambition, endeavouring to swell every trifle into importance, and decorate their brows with straw chaplets, and gingerbread bays.

Addison, in one of the papers of his Spectator, has illustrated this "playfulness of genius," as it is usually termed, by examples from the Greek minor poets, who thought nothing too trifling that carried an air of novelty with it. Thus a poet who had racked his brain in vain—"knocked for hours and found nobody at home,"—and after all his knocking could strike out nothing new in praise of his mistress, at last bethought him of cooking up the old jargon in a conundrum or acrostic, or of retailing a few raptures written in the shape of a dagger, beginning with his charmer's name as the handle, forming the blade of some sharp comments on his rivals, and making a pun for the *point*. In later times we find Rochester and Passerat writing upon—*Nothing*; and the wits of the last age, in particular, seem to have aimed at those little conceits, which, however ridiculous, never fail to raise a smile.

You will observe, Sir, that in the term Epigrammatist,

I do not solely comprehend the writers of epigrams, but all those quibblers of ideas (which is the only expression I can use to distinguish them from quibblers of words, —punsters) who sacrifice every thing to point.

With regard to the Epigrammatists, I conceive that their existence is coeval with the art of writing on asses' skin, or at least the invention of pocket-books. Martial never stirred without his stylus and tablets; and to these articles of equipment the moderns have added a diamond pencil; that useful instrument of glaziers and itinerant wits, which has been the means of preserving so many happy thoughts from the voracious maw of oblivion, and rendered our inns nearly equal in poetical celebrity to our churchyards. Indeed it has been a matter of surprise to me that none of the book-makers have yet thought of compiling a collection of those fugitive pieces, which appear thick studded on the windows of our taverns and places of public entertainment, from the artless pin-scratched confession of some amorous rustic—"I luves Polly Mathews" —to the flourishing effusions of posting poets. Methinks a *Windowana*, properly selected, and, in the manner of Scott's Dryden, with notes critical, historical, and explanatory, would be a very lucrative concern; which consideration, I know, will be a sufficient inducement to lead some man, woman, or child of genius, to undertake it. It would likewise (but that is a secondary consideration) be extremely *useful;* for if the editor will take the *panes*, he or she may obtain considerable local information, so that the windows of our inns may throw great *light* on many important particulars (such as vestry dinners, the route of fugitives, &c.), and form a *luminous* body of facts for the reference of future compilers. Pardon this digression, Sir; but I am desirous to prevent the labourers in our book-manufactories from being at a stand for want of work; and I more particularly wish to see them occupied with

domestic than French or German articles. Though no Snarler, I cannot but declare that the Epigrammatists of the present day are far inferior to those of former times, especially during the reign of Queen Bess, when, as I observed in a former letter, no one could pretend to any degree of wit who was not ready with a *jeu d'esprit;* on which account manuscript extempores were to be purchased in every shop, for the use of people with good memories and bad imaginations. This very excellent custom, however, has since been dropt, and the would-be wits are obliged to maintain their reputation by retailing the scraps they filch from the wholesale dealers. This is done without much danger of conviction, either by inserting Mr. A— in the place of Lord B— (as Machiavel did *); taking the mere merit of the application, and avowing the plagiarism; or, thirdly, repeating a good thing only to those who, in all probability, could not have heard the original. Thus a *bon-mot* at court may be safely repeated in the city; and the good things of Haberdashers'-hall and the Mansion-house be carried in good preservation for the benefit of country-clubs and corporations. But, indeed, little care need be taken; for the very transition of a joke, or *bon-mot*, from one mouth to another, gives it so altered a form, that the very parent is unable to swear to his own offspring, so surprisingly, in general, is "the *old* original *new revived.*"

If we were to give implicit credit to the memoirs of wits and men of genius, we should believe

"they could not ope
There mouth, but out their flew a trope."

The orphan witticisms of others are fathered on them, and stray jokes are pounded by the ingenious editors, who

* "Il entrepit la vie de Castrucchio Castracani & là mit dans la bouche de son heros la plupart des bonnes choses que Plutarque rapporte des anciens."—Menagiana, tom. ii. p. 100.

consider top wits as lords of the manor. Their heroes, who seem never "to say a foolish thing, or ever do a wise one," are made the arrantest knaves on earth, stealing a reputation from the brains of others. But I shall restrain my indignation at literary theft and forgery, which from the days of Leonard Aretin to the present, has been considered as a venial offence (if, indeed it has been considered as an offence at all), and it were to be wished that some of your ingenious correspondents would turn their attention to the subject.

Before I conclude this letter, Sir, allow me to pay my tribute of approbation to the labours of the late Joseph Miller, Esq. of facetious memory, who, first of the moderns, raised a Foundling Hospital for the bye blows of genius; and ranks as the first on the list of those wits I have been describing. Peace be to him—the Heywoods—Greens—Lodges—Lyllies—Randolphs—D'Urfeys, and the numerous members of his order, who have so agreeably diversified the images around us, and added so largely to our stock of ideas; who have so nobly promoted the good old cause of fun and jocularity, shaken the fogs of November out of our lungs, and saved more lives than the Humane Society.

A. B. C.

LETTER FIFTH FROM FLAGELANTUS.

SIR,

I resume the pen to perform my promise of giving you a brief account of *college wit*: and did I not wish to continue the Letters of Flagelantus, in a connected series, I should have volunteered what I have to observe on the present subject, in a letter to your valuable correspondent, "CANTAB," whose communications exhibit an enlightened mind, glowing at once with love of virtue, and in-

dignation of vice. Indeed, if leisure, and the health which is necessary to employ it actively, are allowed, I am not without hope of offering you an occasional paper under the assimilating title of THE OXONIAN, which I will endeavour to render an auxiliary to your Cambridge associate. That both our universities have many follies, as well as better principles and practices *in common*, is unquestionable; but it is no less certain, that each has some *black* and *white* marks *appropriate* and *peculiar*: of the former I shall now give the proposed specimen.

You will have the goodness, Mr. Satirist, to pre-suppose a stage-coach company taking its bad and hurried supper of odds and ends of a stage-coach dinnering; the offal of a day-vehicle being usually thought quite good enough for the midnight repast of stage-coach travellers; to attend upon whom one yawning maid, and one blinking hostler are deemed all sufficient, though they both seem to be talking and walking in their sleep: and though the said attendants would open all their eyes, and their mouths likewise, even to straining, were somebody's (no matter who) to be rattled to the door in a chaise, or barouche. Such is the important distinction betwixt one piece of painted wood and leather and another. A stage-coach passenger, could he purchase all the carriages at Hatchet's or Holmes's, would be *set down* as a Mr. Nobody: and a charioteer, baroucher, or even gigger, though himself the coachman, would be received as Mr. Somebody, though every thing alive and dead about him, from the wheels to the horse-shoes, were perhaps one of the said Mr. Nobody's—at any rate unpaid for; nothing being more common than for the best-hung machines to run both *on the nail and on tick* at the same time.

But to my witty heroes, who would consider all that Flagelantus *can* say, as having neither wit or wisdom, unless he could enter with a spirit like themselves into

what he is going to expose. Well, Sir, here we are at our midnight meal at Cambridge: or it may save time to suppose we have picked our bones, and swallowed our third of a pye, washing it down with our execrable brandy and water, all in full gallop; for you know the drivers never wait a moment beyond their will and pleasure for the passengers, though the latter must often wait in a coach or out of it, till patience being exhausted, they (the passengers) are silly enough to attempt getting the despots of the whip forward.

But I fear, Mr. Satirist, I have caught the tedious habits of the very men I have described, and that I shall never let you rise from our supper-room. Now then for it. Bill for bones, and equally bad accompaniments, settled, with what ought to have set before us a round of beef, and pence and sixpences given and growlingly received by the attendant, we were (I find I must change the tense) we were proceeding, through the darkness visible of the hostler's lanthorn, and had just begun to perform the chilling gallantry of handing in the fairer part of the company, taking care to clear them from a purling but not a pure stream, that puddled its way at the bottom of the pavement. In the very act of this purblind sort of courtesy, a sudden and most violent plunge assailed our ears, and in the next instant, a yet more violent splash irrigated all who were not yet *encoached* (do not, on this occasion, when I am compelled to dip my pen in a puddle, *satirize* me, Mr. Satirist) and half-suffocated us betwixt dirt, and water, and something worse.

It was the cause, it was the cause—

Let me not name it to you, Mr. Satirist, and yet I must, or the *wit* of the thing would be lost. Know then, Sir, that a pair of Cantabs had been spending—or if you will —*mis*spending the evening in the same inn,

"And thin partitions did our rooms divide."

They had *kept it up* for the honour of the university, till they were "hot enough with the Tuscan," or some other "grape for any possible mischief—and so they thought it would be a damned good thing to *quiz the coach.*" *Up they* therefore went, like a couple of *Rangers* in the comedy, only (as you will see) replete with much more *wit* than Hoadley's hero. Just, therefore, as I before grouped the passengers, the *wits* threw a *living* something with all their might, intending to hurl it *into* the coach, by way of a new fellow-traveller; but missing their aim, the victim of their infinite wit, and as extensive humanity, fell incontinently into the aforesaid puddle, or it would be nearer the truth to call it, *dirty drain.* The creature so situated, struggled hard. It was a poor CAT, Mr. Satirist, and two of her blind companions, who had not opened their eyes on this wicked world. These were picked up by the humane ostler, who said they were *dished*, and so threw them away; the mother, after a horrible conflict with the drain, emerged and ran terrified away more dead than alive. *Our* condition must be referred to your fancy. It was very little better than that of the cat; and in one instance, which the imagination cannot reach, it was worse. Among the passengers was a young lady, who was proceeding under the guard of a fond parent, to the sea-coast in Norfolk, for change of air, &c. to relieve a pulmonary complaint, that seemed feeding on her life. She was at that moment rather carried than led towards the coach, and we had just reached the scene of action, when this *overflow* of wit opened its masked battery upon us. Do you not sympathise in the exclamations of the mother, and the shrieks of the daughter? Do you not echo the indignation of Flagelantus at such a *prophanity* of all that belongs even to savage life. Sir, a monkey ought to have been ashamed, and blushed through his leathern complexion at such a heartless trick.

In this state, we were obliged to raise the hapless girl into her seat, and follow as well as we could; for the coachman and the rest of the box and roof travellers, having had their barbarian *horse*-laughs out, and secured themselves, we had no alternative but to lose our places in useless resentment, or suffer the ostler (whose lanthorn shook in his hand at the *funny* gentlemen as he called them), to close upon us the door, and to perform the rest of the journey "in all the majesty of mud,"—I ought rather to say, for the theme is no longer susceptible of ridicule,—in all the peril and discomfiture of midnight travellers, who had no chance of ever getting to a place to dry themselves, till the coach reached Newmarket, full fifteen miles, as you know, from its former stop.

Mr. Satirist, I will not go further into an individual annoyance—I will not detail the distress which arose to the company from the sick young lady's speechless and almost swooning condition, most part of the way—nor will I go at length into the afflicted mother's anxiety; but I will ask your *Cantab*, (in whom the wisdom of the mind and the feelings of the heart are blended) I will ask him to supply me with "words that burn," to rebuke college wits of this order; and I will ask you, Mr. Satirist, to join the indignation of your friend and servant,

FLAGELANTUS.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. VII.

BRUNETTA.

THE author of the excellent letter to Lord Sackville, inserted in our last month's SATIRIST, very justly observes that *gallantry* (as seduction and adultery are now delicately denominated) appears in some families to be heredi-

tary,* thus the lovely adultress BRUNETTA inherits all the lascivious propensities of her once beautiful mother, who, not many years ago, distinguished herself by decorating her husband's head with a pair of *princely antlers*.

During the life of her first indulgent spouse, the conduct of BRUNETTA was merely suspicious; and it is even probable that some of her children were legitimate. Possessing all the vanity and weakness of the other members of the noble house of ——, BRUNETTA always delighted to exhibit her "glossy locks of jet, and her ivory teeth at every place of fashionable resort; but it is only since her second marriage, that she has been in the constant habits of appearing in her opera box, attended by the gallant young nobleman who is notoriously known to be the *most favored* of her admirers, although we cannot take upon ourselves to assert, that he *shares* her husband's right (unless it be with *certain gentlemen* who occasionally meet her ladyship at *Salt Hill*) for we have heard that her husband has agreed to surrender him the *whole*. Let it not, however, be imagined, that the terms of this contract in any way resemble those concluded between the execrable peer, whose portrait we delineated in our ninth Number,† and his noble friend—No; BRUNETTA's husband would have scorned to receive *base coin* for the charms of his wife, and Lord —— very obligingly paid for them in *kind*, and that too by *re*-transferring to him a *commodity*, the value of which Mr. —— already knew *from experience*.

Lord —— is now not only the constant attendant upon Brunetta at the Opera and Vauxhall, but to the disgrace of society, they are frequently admitted *together* into private parties.

* Vide Satirist, No. XIII. p. 236.

† Vide Satirist, Vol. II. p. 389.

The marriage of BRUNETTA with Mr. ——, was attended with some very curious circumstances. During her widowhood, she lived in the most expensive style, and it was generally believed, that her fortune and jointure were very considerable. Mr. —— also *apparently* abounded in riches, and they became mutually enamoured of each other's imaginary wealth. When they attended the altar of Hymen, each imagined that the other was the only dupe. The frequent intrusions, however, of those troublesome visitors *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, very soon convinced them that they "were both *deceivers*, and were both *deceived*."

That a marriage contracted under such circumstances should prove happy, cannot be expected; but we apprehend that it has been the source of more *disappointment* than *misery* to this extraordinary pair.

Mr. ——— still enjoys the pleasures of the gaming-table, the race-course, and the brothel; and Brunetta solaces herself in the arms of Lord ——— and others, unabashed by the frowns of the virtuous, and, we are shocked to add, unrestrained by the fear of corrupting her already marriageable daughters.

DEFENCE OF THE SATIRIST.

"Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
"That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

We recommend those gentlemen who have blamed us for inserting, in our last Number, "THE BRIDAL HYMN OF THE METHODISTS," to consider well the meaning and intent of the moral poet who wrote these admirable lines. Had the hymn been written by ourselves, we might have been, with some justice, accused of indecency; but we gave it as the genuine production of that Prince of the Methodists, John Wesley, and affixed an authentic refer-

ence to every stanza we extracted from his loathsome volume of blasphemy and obscenity, a work which we felt it our duty, as virtuous SATIRISTS, to expose; and as well might the judge who sentences a wretch convicted of any detestable crime to the pillory, be accused of promoting vice, and offending the eye or ear of decency, as the author who detects, and gibbets *in terrorem*, the disgusting passages of an impious and obscene publication.

Were we to suffer the spirit of our satire to be diluted by *false delicacy*, we might continue to *amuse*, but we should cease to *amend*. We have taken upon ourselves an arduous but an honourable office, and we are resolved to perform its duties in such a manner as we humbly conceive will most contribute to the public welfare. The Satirist who fears to *strip* VICE and expose the deformity of her nakedness, will do little towards reforming the enormities of the age. Our antagonists exclaim, "Your *bridal hymn*" (which they all allow to be excellent in other respects) "must shock the eye of modesty!" Our reply is, "that it is better the *eye* of *modesty* should be *shocked* by us, than that the *heart* of *modesty* should be *corrupted* by others. It was our intention to excite horror and disgust against those who impiously address their Creator in the language of obscenity, and we have the satisfaction of feeling, that our endeavours have not been wholly unsuccessful.

Unlike the conductors of other periodical publications, we wear no bookseller's shackles, and it is therefore not surprising, that our independence should have excited the envy and malice of literary *slaves*, whose masters have compelled them to bespatter us with their filthy abuse.

The calumnies of our enemies we contemn—for the advice of our friends we are grateful, but our conduct shall only be regulated by the admonition of our own consciences.

Let every parent exclude from his house such works as the luscious lyrics of lascivious Moore, and the salacious romances of hobgoblin Lewis, and he may rest assured, that although the pictures of infamy which are exhibited in the Satirist may sometimes offend the eyes of his daughters, they never will either inflame their passions, or CORRUPT THEIR HEARTS.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPIGRAM ON THE WHIP CLUB.

Two varying races are in Britain born,
One courts a nation's praises, one her scorn:
Those pant her sons o'er tented fields to guide,
Or steer her thunders through the foaming tide;
Whilst these, disgraceful, born in luckless hour,
Burn but to guide with skill a coach and four.
To guess their sires, each a sure clue affords,
These are the coachman's sons, and those my lord's.
Both follow fame, pursuing different courses;
Those, BRITAIN, scourge thy foes—and these thy horses.
Give them their due; nor let occasion slip;
On those the *laurel* lay—on these the *whip*.

APPOINTMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

Sir FRANCIS BURDETT to be *wet-nurse* and *midwife* to Mr. Horne Tooke.

The Marchioness of H——— to be *necessary woman* to H. R. H. the P. of W. vice. Mrs. F———, *superannuated*.

Mrs. P———n and Lady L—— to be joint lecturers at the Royal Institution, on the nature and properties of *heavenly orbs*, and particularly of those which constitute the *milky way*.

The Right Hon. Lord S—ckv—e to be professor of adultery in the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sir A——r P——t to be deputy professor in England, only.

Mr. T. S——n to be deputy professor in Scotland, only.

The deputy professor in Ireland is not yet nominated: Mr. C—rr—n and Sir John P——rs are both candidates.

The Countess Dowager of B—— to be *dry-nurse* to Mr. Ell—st—n.

Madame De G—— to be custos *brevium* to the Duke of P-rtl-nd and Lord S-m-rv-lle.

Mr. Waithman has been unanimously voted an A.S.S.

EPIGRAM.

Q. Shall he who ordered to be sign'd
The late convention, shelter find
In London, Edinburgh, or Cork?
A. In neither—he must go to York.

We understand that Lady Holland absolutely applied to ministers to beg they would give orders to the captain of the frigate destined to convey her and her noble spouse to Spain, not *to fight*, during their passage. We hope her request was complied with; for we have some reason to *doubt* whether his lordship's head is sufficiently *thick* to repel *a cannon-ball*.

EPIGRAM TO SIR HEW DALRYMPLE.

Sev'n cities boasted Homer's birth, Sir Hew,
But twenty boast of—*not producing you.*

His Grace the Duke of Queensberry has by the advice of Dr. B. determined to leave off—*women.*

JEW KING, of *usurious* notoriety, has just established a *moral newspaper.** Pity it is that he did not enter into partnership with Cobbett—whose character and *pursuits* so much resemble his.

Sir F. Burdett has scarcely quitted the bed-side of Horne Tooke for the last fortnight; and should his reverence be appointed *Prime Minister* to the DEVIL, it is expected that the Baronet will accompany him as *purse-bearer.*

Some dashing Cyprians have established a subscription gambling-house which they have elegantly and appropriately denominated—The Ladies *Hell.* We hope the police magistrates will pay particular attention to these *she devils.*

A most wonderful instance of *paternal affection* for a step-daughter, has recently occurred in the vicinity of Berkley-square, the *particulars* we may perhaps feel it our duty to lay before the public. We shall, however, refrain from doing so, till we can ascertain the *whole truth,* which we shall certainly be enabled to do shortly.

* The BRITISH GUARDIAN!!!!

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Romantic Tales. By M. G. Lewis, Author of the Monk, Adelgitha, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. *l.* 4*s.* Longman and Co.

THERE is no literary evil which has excited so much lamentation among modern critics as the scarcity of original ideas, and the tame servility of imitation which so frequently distinguish the productions of their contemporaries. We have been repeatedly assured by the pedants of Eton and Westminster, that the ancients have nearly exhausted all the sources of pleasing composition; that he who wishes to acquire a lasting reputation must apply himself with the most unremitted assiduity to the study of those admirable models of literary excellence which are exhibited in the writings of the ancients; and that when he has, by previous preparation, acquired a tolerable idea of their beauties, he may rest his future character as an author on the amplification of their imagery, the elucidation of their reasoning, and the inculcation of their precepts.

It is with equal pleasure, therefore, and gratitude that we "felicitate" the public on the appearance of Mr. Lewis's Romantic Tales. Like the rest of his productions, they contain the most striking originality of sentiment and peculiarity of language. They are so far from deserving the censure of servile imitation, that they do not bear the smallest resemblance to any thing that has pre-

ceded them, and are so little liable to the censure of being written, "after the manner of the ancients," that we may confidently assert, that not one idea contained in these volumes, ever entered into the imagination of either Horace or Quintilian.

With pretensions such as these to the favour of the world and the admiration of the critic, it might have appeared sufficient to confine ourselves to a mere declaration of our sentiments, and to leave these volumes to that *inevitable fate*, which the commanding genius and interesting modesty of their author so justly deserve. But as envy and malevolence are always on the watch to obstruct the progress of superior abilities, as merit is sometimes doomed to languish in obscurity beneath the insolence of dulness and vanity; and as we know by experience, that a numerous herd of literary scribblers are accustomed to load Mr. Lewis with the most vulgar and indecent scurrility, to promulgate the most wicked and the most unsupported accusations of ignorance, obscenity, and dulness, and to *dignify* him by the epithets of literary mountebank, Charon the second, the German post-horse, and the goblin of Parnassus; we consider it as a duty that we owe to the interests of justice and literature, to enter into a full and satisfactory exposition of his claims to the kindness and admiration of the literary connoisseur.

The first excellence of fictitious narrative is the surprising. To restrain the fervour of his imagination by the unnecessary incumbrance of probability, or consistency, is a folly of which Mr. Lewis has not condescended to be guilty. He wished to "surprise and elevate," and he knew that it was impossible to do so when shackled by the trammels of authority. He has left the dishonourable track of correct mediocrity to those timid and imbecile novelists, whose nerves are frightened by the appearance of a ghost, and who would shrink with horror from the

embraces of the *Devil!* The mode of writing which he has adopted, possesses the peculiar excellence of enchaining the attention without fatiguing it. In the common publications of this sort, the judgment is too busily engaged in remembering the connection of the incidents, in tracing the outline of the characters, and in estimating the probability of the action to admit of that unmixed pleasure which arises from the perusal of Mr. Lewis's performances. In *them* the mind is unincumbered by any attention to the principles of criticism. We are allowed to indulge without any wearisome reflection in the most delightful, and unrestrained reveries of fancy. His productions neither excite unpleasing interest during their perusal, nor leave any inconvenient impression on the memory.

Of these excellencies we could produce many beautiful examples; but conscious as we are, that every extract which we make from so valuable a treasure, will be considered by the admirers of Mr. Lewis as an act of selfishness, for which our tribute of applause is by no means an adequate compensation; we shall only take the liberty of selecting two or three of the least precious of these literary jewels.

Page 186, we are presented with the following exploit of a child only nine years of age!

"A fortnight had scarcely elapsed since she found in the wood a young boy, apparently not above nine years old, and at the point of death. She endeavoured to save his life, but in vain; he had only time to tell her, that while separated from his friends during the chace, he had been seized by a wolf; that he had drawn his little dagger, and defended himself so successfully, that, though in the contest he gave himself several wounds with his own weapon, he achieved the death of the ferocious animal."

The tale of the anaconda is peculiarly fertile in all the requisites of the surprising. A merchant at Ceylon is

sitting in his pavilion : an anaconda twists itself round a a neighbouring tree. His friend and the servants observe the circumstance. They feel the utmost alarm for their master, and are in an agony of terror; and *therefore*, instead of approaching the pavilion, or remaining in the house, they go and take a peep at the monster in a place where they can be of no service to the master, and are in a more dangerous situation than if they had gone to his assistance.

His friend now remembers, very conveniently, that he had lately taught *Seafield* a common trick of combination, by which two persons at a distance would convey their sentiments to each other without the aid of words. This trick he puts in practice; and *finds out* by it *what he knew before*, that his master is in the pavilion.

In the mean time *Seafield* fastens a paper to his dog. His dog is destroyed by the anaconda; and Sadi, who knows that the paper can contain nothing but what he is acquainted with already, exposes himself to all the fury of the anaconda. Disguised under a covering of boughs and cocoa leaves, he creeps along till he finds the paper among the grass. He is returning in triumph, but is suddenly discovered by the anaconda, who first folds him in her scales, and then suffers him to escape with no other injury than a broken rib and a few trifling bruises. At length Sadi remembers that the snake, after gorging itself with food, loses all its activity. A live bull is given it for a meal; the servants then attack it in a body, their master is released; his friend is accused of murdering a girl of the name of Anna Conner, tells the story we have epitomised, as his defence; and "*so ends this strange eventful history!*"

The story entitled "My Uncle's Garret Window," is still more exquisite. "My uncle," says Mr. Lewis, "was a genius and a poet," (*we were always of opinion*

that his talents were hereditary) "and of course he was poor as a rat, and lived in a garret," a conclusion to which we must reluctantly object. Mr. Lewis is certainly a genius and a poet, and yet is neither poor as a rat, nor does he live in a garret. He (Mr. Lewis) amused himself, for want of something else to do, in peeping through his pocket telescope (*the pocket telescope of a man whose uncle was poor as a rat*) at every thing which passed in his neighbour's first and second floor, and soon becomes acquainted with the character and history of every person in his family. We shall hereafter point out the important and useful inferences that are to be drawn from this narrative; at present we shall only mention two of them. In the first place, it proves that Mr. Lewis has no resemblance whatever to that most contemptible of animals, a monkey; and in the second, that ideas are conveyed with much more precision by action than than by words, for notwithstanding Mr. Lewis became so perfectly acquainted with the history of his neighbour's family, we who have read every syllable of his narrative, do not understand it.

Had Mr. Lewis, while we were employed in the perusal of these volumes, applied his telescope from his window to the opposite garret of the Satirist, how would he have been delighted and astonished! He would have no doubt discovered in our countenances the most profound respect for his character as a man, and the most unaffected admiration of his talents as a writer. He would have contemplated with equal surprise and solicitude, the conscious exultation with which we anticipated the exposure of all his imperfections and absurdities to the contempt and the laughter of the public, the look of agonizing disappointment which gleamed across our countenances, as soon as we discovered that they were far superior to our censure, the sardonic ambiguity of expression with which we

at last determined to sacrifice inclination to justice, and the fixt and profound attention, *uninterrupted by any propensity to drowsiness*, with which we hastened through his volumes.

But it must not be supposed, that Mr. Lewis is only original in the selection of his incidents. There are other points in which he is not less laudably peculiar. The ancient writers were accustomed to render their productions in some measure subservient to the inculcation of morality, and to intersperse their narrative with such virtuous and interesting sentiments, as naturally arose from the progress of the fable, or the situation of the characters. Such absurd artifices are justly rejected by Mr. Lewis, as at least unnecessary, and as exciting, in tender minds and constitutions, a very dangerous as well as inconvenient, species of melancholy. If the reader wish to be acquainted with the imagery, and the sentiments that he has substituted for the moral deductions of his predecessors, we *must* refer him to the work itself, which is dedicated (by mistake we hope) to Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell. See the continuation in Vol. 3, of the *four facardius*.

The last subject of our commendation is Mr. Lewis's language. To this we had at first intended to bestow a considerable portion of our notice: its excellencies are, however, so striking, that upon more mature consideration, we think that a full elucidation of them must be superfluous.

Having thus shewn ourselves the strenuous advocates of Mr. Lewis in every department of his duty as a novelist, we trust that he will not ascribe it to any caprice of opinion, or any disrespect for his literary character, if we exhort him to *write no more!* We are as conscious as he can be, of the super-eminent merit of his writings, but we are afraid that the ignorant obstinacy of the multitude,

instead of admiring them as the noblest monument of human genius, will be too apt to mistake their wit for obscenity, their elegance for affectation, and their originality for nonsense.

The Lady's Toilette: containing a critical examination of the nature of beauty, and of the causes by which it is impaired: with instructions for preserving it to advanced age; an historical sketch of the fashions of France and England; directions for dressing with taste and elegance; and receipts for preparing all the best and most harmless cosmetics proper for a lady's use. London: Printed for W. H. Wyatt, No. 9, Pickett-street, Temple Bar, 1808. p.p. 310, duod. PRICE *only* nine shillings in boards. No cuts; no vignette: merely a preface and an index.

LADIES! To be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
[*Or, worse than all, to strive by borrowed art*
TO ADD TO BRITISH CHARMS A GALLIC GRACE,]
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKSPEARE, *King John, Act IV. Scene 2.*

Such is the SATIRIST's earnest and most ardent exclamation to all his matchless countrywomen, who may at any time feel inclined to consult the dictates of this specious little catch-penny manual; which is neither more nor less, in fact, than a barefaced translation from the

French of "A RECEIPT TO MAKE WH-RES." These are strong words; but we mean to speak plainly.

The Liberty of the Press,—that mighty instrument of good or evil to mankind,—has, of late years, been systematically abused, by needy or by abandoned characters; whose tawdry, tinsel, meretricious performances have been eagerly purchased in the lump, by many booksellers with all the avidity of sordid avarice, and retailed to an unsuspecting and inquisitive Public by all the sinister modes of trick, puffing, and imposition: bold and lying titles have been invented and assumed, without remorse; and even the dread sanctuary of the tomb has failed to shield its august tenants from the scandal of imputed *forgeries*, and the very meanest *libels*: libels so atrocious, that a man of honour and virtue starts and shudders at the hearing of them; and forgeries so gross and palpable, that even Benjamin Tabart could detect them.

The anonymous author of THE LADY'S TOILETTE, whose pertness points out his country, thus flippantly argues in his Preface:

"Is a man able to give women instructions in the tasteful arts of the toilette? Most assuredly. Is it not men that they employ in preference, to adjust that part of their dress on which the greatest pains are bestowed? I allude to their head-dress. It is only the hand of a man that can cut with skill a beautiful head of hair, that can arrange, with taste, its different tresses, that can give the proper undulation to its brilliant ringlets, that can match them with gold, and pearls, and diamonds, and with the simple flowers of the field. This choice of male artists by women, would alone be sufficient to decide the question in my favour, were I not supported by another and perhaps a stronger argument. One motive of the women in dressing is, we are told, to please the men. Now who can know better than ourselves how women ought to be dressed in order to please us? We are, therefore, I insist, born judges of the female toilette, and from our decision there is no appeal."

It is our decided opinion, that there appears, even in this passage, a certain indescribable *je ne sçais quoi* medley of coarse small talk and thinly-veiled lubricity—a something, *quod nequimus monstrare, at sentimus tamen*,—that infallibly betrays the low-bred, *garrulous*, mischievous, *meddling* Frenchman: him, who "insists on *undressing*" the fair who consents to admit his embraces. Is it indeed, then, the beauteous *casket* that gallant Britons value, or the *pearl of inestimable price* within? Is it the mere animated *form* of loveliness, that thus resistlessly enchants our senses, or the animating *spirit* of angelic purity, sweetly paramount, that insures our tenderest esteem? In a word, do we consider virtuous Englishwomen as the objects only of *dalliance*, or, also, as the chosen counsellors and comforters of our most confidential *thoughts*? Well has Hannah More remarked: "It is humbling to reflect, that in those countries in which fondness for the mere persons of women is carried to the highest excess, THEY ARE SLAVES; and that their moral and intellectual degradation increases in direct proportion to the adoration which is paid to mere external charms."*—Here we have a *nine shilling* manual, professedly drawn up in aid of female personal *vanity*; a manual, lewdly and most nauseously descanting on the *nature* of BEAUTY, giving *nostrums* for its preservation, and hinting, in broad and indelicate terms, at the *causes* by which it is impaired; a manual, retailing comments on all the *harlotry* and *frivolities*, past and present, of France and England,—with *directions* for future follies; a manual, crammed with ignorant receipts for vile *cosmetics*; in short, a French hair-dresser's MANUAL, written by some brothel-pimp

* HANNAH MORE's *Strictures on the modern system of Female Education*, Vol. I. Chap. I. "*Address to women of rank and fortune, on the effects of their influence on society.*"—page 3. The fourth edition. We thank our correspondent, THOMAS HOMESPUN, for drawing our attention to this truly admirable work.

from his friend's dictation with his own lascivious additions, corrected and heightened by some *valet-de-chambre*; translated by some English lackey out of character and place, and published by W. H. Wyatt, No. 9, Pickett Street, Temple Bar.

To women of chastity and modest virtue, who disdain to disguise their Maker's loveliest workmanship, the author (for *author* we must condescend to call him) brutally declares:

"It is not for you that I write, ye austere prudes, who censure the pains which are taken to preserve beauty, and to conceal, by art, certain slight physical defects. To you, cosmetics and paints appear too palpable untruths; ye disguise nothing but your actions, ye paint nothing but your conduct. As to your faces, you strive not to heighten their charms by superfluous ornaments; and you alone have discovered the wonderful secret of exhibiting yourselves as Nature made you, in order to deceive with the greater ease, and of displaying an honest face from hypocritical motives."

Now, if ladies who do paint, try *to please the men*, and if ladies who do not paint, are *prudes*,—what is the plain conclusion that this scribbler labours to inculcate? Why, Pope's infamous axiom, that "every woman is, *at heart*, a rake." A pretty moral, this! And yet he talks, elsewhere, of "DECENCY!!!" He proceeds:

"Neither is it to you, ye female pedants, that I offer this work. Surrounded with the ponderous lucubrations of abstruse authors, the pedantic female will look with disdain at this diminutive volume. Has she not, moreover, renounced the art of pleasing by means of external ornaments, by the charms of her sex, by *beauty*, the object so *ardently desired* by the majority of women?"

He, next, pompously enumerates the excellencies of potent cosmetics, unctuous pastes,* emollient pommades,

* How long is a Christian land to be thus polluted by quackeries and helps to debauchery? How long shall we hear of the Countess of ******, whose

Interea fœda aspectu, ridendaque multo

the washes of beauty, the oil of ben, the butter of cacao, the Venetian paste, the Bandana soap, the cream des Sultanes, the *zanbak* of Georgia, the *guzelhk* of the Orientals, nay even Wither's pitiful balm of Quito; and, then, panegyrizes the *skill* and the *shops* of Rigge, Warren, and Dewdney. He thus continues his eccentric Preface:

"It is to you alone, ye *gentle* and *amiable* females,—to you, who preferring *beauty* to every other external advantage, *carefully* cultivate *that precious flower*, the *inestimable* gift of heaven;—to you, *engaging creatures*, who, *delighting* in the happiness of *a tender union*, (because your hearts are *susceptible* [of what? of probity, truth, virtue, religion? Oh! no, no, no.] *only* of *agreeable* sentiments,) strive to *please*, because you LOVE!!!"

Amor omnibus idem.

If this balderdash be not significant enough to what "class of damsels" this manual is addressed, in the name of Venus, let our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, one and all, crowd to No. 9, Pickett Street, Temple Bar, and emulously buy up the whole impression.

In Chapter I. page 2, we learn, that "some person one day asked Aristotle, [the author of *Aristotle's Masterpiece*, we presume,] "What is beauty?"—"The question of a blind man," answered he. Aristotle's answer was not much to the purpose. In page 3, is inserted the history of a child born with a "*gold*" tooth: we recommend this *rich* nursery-tale to Messieurs Monk Ghost Lewis and Walter Scott. In page 6, an author is praised for saying that "the number of Noses is a *secret*, which the great Creator of all things has kept to *himself*." Is

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Pane tumet facies, aut pinguia Poppæana
Spirat, et hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.
Ad mœchum veniet lotâ cute: quando videri
Vult formosa domi? mœchis foliata parantur, &c. &c. &c.

JUVENAL. *Sat. VI. Verses* 460-472.

not this impiously irreverent wit? or, rather, is it not blasphemous buffoonery? But, it may suit certain purlieus.

In Chapter II. we are treated with a lecture on oval heads, round-heads, [or Oliverians, perhaps,] flat heads, squared heads, [we have heard of "*squared toes*,"] and *forked* heads; to prove that—quot *capita*, tot sententiæ: page 11. Then we have fat bodies, lean bodies, short bodies, tall bodies;—totis certatum est *corporibus*: page 15.

In Chapter III. page 21, we are informed that "the *destination* of woman is to afford *pleasure* to man." What thinks his grace the Duke of Piccadilly to such doctrine?

In Chapter IV. page 27, we are gravely told, ex cathedrâ, that "what is *beautiful* is, in its nature, *good*." Who called Lady C. or Mrs. P. or * or * or * adulteresses and strumpets? Fie! fie! on such *impolitesse!* We, also, are told that "the tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty." Is it not a droll dog? Several famous *courtesans* are extolled in this chapter, as *patterns* of perfection.

In Chapter V. page 31, we find that "the love of *dress* is *natural* to the sex; even ever since Eve fitted on the fig-leaf. Dress doubles the *value* of a woman; it augments our *pleasure* and ENJOYMENT." Oh! Oh! Oh! And yet Monsieur jabbers on, occasionally, about "DECENCY"!!!

In Chapter VI. page 36, Cleanliness is defined from *L'Ami des Femmes*, "the veil of indigence." In page 37, are mentioned,

"Functions which disenchant the imagination, by reminding the votary that the divinity whom he adores, is but a weak mortal, subject, like himself, to all the tributes demanded by imperious Nature."

A plagiarism, *entre nous*, from a disgusting poem of Swift, whose whining lover cries out:

> No wonder I have lost my wits;
> For CELIA, CELIA, CELIA, ... (*hiatus maximus.*)

Can an inuendo more abominably filthy be pointed out to general reprobation, than what occurs in page 39? It runs thus:

"Tender lovers, who fancied that they were sighing for a divinity, could no longer disguise the truth from themselves. What occasion have I to say more? *They all had proofs of it in their hands.*"

And yet this man talks of "DECENCY!!!"

We originally intended to have analysed every one of the thirty-eight short chapters in this deceptious compilation: but a regard for our own honour commands us to follow the suggestions of indignant MANLY feeling. We obey, most readily. As soon would we have accompanied STREPHON, and slunk with him into CELIA's chamber; and basely assisted in the actual rummage of her apparel, as we would proceed one step further with this anonymous miscreant, this mean, this dirty libeller of the sex.

To the British fair, however, we once more most affectionately and most respectfully appeal. In this happy country, their high worth is ascertained, acknowledged, asserted; they are the delight of our eyes, the pride of our hearts: with solemn deprecation, therefore, we conjure them not to listen to the wretch who praises their charms, but belies their innumerable, their immortal virtues; and, above all, we conjure them not to deform those features with pigments, and pastes, and patches, which now glow so transcendently above those of every other nation under heaven with the hue of innocence and the lustre of intelligence:

Αυχενα μεν τι λαθοις κοσμειν, φυκεσι παρειας,
Ευωδη τι κομαις την δροσον αμφιχεειν;
Ταις αριστοις ψυχην, αι, απ' εκφαιδροι μιλτω,
Ω ξυντροφε κορη γνησιον ανδρος ερον.
Ως εν συγγενικω πυρριζει χρωματι μηλα!
Ηιει χρωστηρος χειρα ποθει το ροδον;
Κοσμον αφες μαλακον, φυκος τ' αποβαλλε προσωπω.
Μειζον εχει φιλτρον καλλος ατιχνοτερον.

Of the above excellent lines we request our female reader to accept the following imperfect translation:

Why tinge the cheek of youth? the snowy neck
Why load with jewels? why anoint the hair?
Oh! Lady, scorn these arts; but richly deck
Thy soul with virtues: thus for love prepare.
Lo, with what vermil tints the apple blooms!
Say, doth the rose a painter's hand require?
Away, then, with cosmetics and perfumes!—
THE CHARMS OF NATURE MOST EXCITE DESIRE.

Multum in Parvo. A Vindication of the Convention concluded at Cintra, upon the Part of His Britannic Majesty, by General Sir H. Dalrymple, and Admiral Sir Charles Cotton; and upon the Part of Napoleon Buonaparte, by Generals Junot and Kellerman, for the Evacuation of the French Troops from Portugal.* Duodecimo, pages 16, price One Shilling. Wilson, Paternoster-row, London, 1808. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, ACCORDING TO LAW.

We regret our inability, at present, to assign the authorship of this singular pamphlet to any certain writer: we regret it the more, because we have seen other *brochures*, of far inferior value, pompously thrust into notice with all the vanity of elated genius, and all the pride of senatorial dignity; we have seen,—aye, and we have pitied,—*A Letter from Mr. Whitbread to* DEAR *Lord*

* A new cathartic we presume.

Holland,* of about the same size, and at half price, which really did not amuse us more, and of which the statements were much more incorrect. In point of language and general force of argument, indeed, we believe the Member of Parliament and the anonymous pamphleteer to stand on the same level in the temple of literature; but in knowledge of the topics distinctly discussed by each, the latter seems to possess an astonishing advantage over the former. WE WISH TO BE UNDERSTOOD. Mr. Whitbread abstained from all mention of Spain whilst his authority might have benefited the cause; and only wrote his precious little essay when, at best, it must have proved nugatory: our present luminous author undertakes, at this early hour, "the vindication of a *convention*" that hitherto has been universally execrated. Mr. Whitbread advocated the "*commencing* a negotiation with the enemy, on a footing of *equality*, for the termination of hostilities, on terms of EQUALITY and HONOUR:" our present Anti-Gallican asserts, on infinitely better ground, that [page 14] "all sects of us have to contend with an ATHEIST, who, with all his hypocrisy and pretensions, believes in none, but tramples under foot, and makes a laughing-stock of every thing that is sacred." We could continue the truly mortifying comparison, in a variety of ways, with the utmost ease and sincerity, but we hope our Bedford member may, even yet, retrieve his literary reputation; we do not quite despair of the scribbling brewer's amendment; *Lord Holland is on the wing for Spain*, once more; who knows what publication may result from his flight? We desist, for a time, from our remarks on either of those gentlemen.—But *we shall keep them both in view.*

* See our compassionate review of that unhappy performance, SATIRIST, No. XI. pages 71-78; August, 1808.

As for the idiot before us, his character is soon detected; he is ONE *who* (by his pen) *obtains money on false pretences*: "HE LIES, AND HE KNOWS HE LIES." "He thinks the world *demands* his ideas of him!"—of *him*, who writes now anonymously!! of *him* who confesses "he has never before written on any political subject!!!" [Preface, page 5.]

His very first sentence is sheer nonsense. "Our national character has perhaps never been *so much* tainted in modern times by the PUBLIC, *than* it has been by this CONVENTION." Paddy Ponsonby's classical style exactly:

In page 8, having previously mentioned our ARMS, *as well by sea as by land*, he tells us gravely, "one says shoot them, another hang them, a third, *either* are *too* honourable DEATHS for them to suffer!" What kind of *death* can be endured by our *arms* we are here left to guess: we know, however, that *rust destroys iron* better than "hanging" or "shooting." Ten to one poor Paddy thought only of our ARMY, whilst thus blundering about our "ARMS." He deserves a sound cuff; still *his stripes shall be few*.

He attributes the *Convention* to BRITISH *fear;* and asks, in page 9, "Is not Junot conceived to be as able a general as any that has the confidence of Napoleon? *If so*, he was the less to be *trusted*, and the more to be DREADED." *Call you this backing your friends?*—He concludes the paragraph, "shivering and shaking, quivering and quaking," thus: "What can be expected from such a lawless set of ruffians?" Oh! dear! Oh! dear!

He assures us, on his veracity, in page 10, that Lisbon is a strongly-fortified city, "almost as impregnable as Gibraltar;" yet, in the very next page, he is ready to take his oath, with all the sturdiness of O'Connor's Maid-

stone witness, that he has been informed by those who were upon the spot for a length of time, and know the local situation *of it*, that "our batteries were so placed that they could have laid Lisbon and all within its walls in ashes *in three hours.*"—*Utrum horum verum est?*

In page 12 he insinuates, in the most unequivocal terms, that his assumed client (Sir Hew Dalrymple) has already "received his sentence by the public Hue and Cry." Can words more sarcastically contemptuous be devised by the bitterest foes of that general? We think not.

The rest is *the tale of an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.* The pamphlet is, with the utmost propriety, dedicated to His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF YORK, *Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces,* &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. who is very deeply interested in the honour of the British army. We appeal to *one J. W. Gordon* for confirmation of our opinion. But why the gallant and experienced Lord Mulgrave should share the honour with that illustrious personage, we are at a loss to imagine. Perhaps the author did not know that his lordship had fought under one of the most brave and able generals this country ever produced—the great, the good, the ill-treated and lamented SIR HENRY CLINTON.

Fowling; a Poem, in Five Books; descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting. Cadell and Davies, 12mo. pp. 150.

This is the third poem that has appeared on this subject; the first was published many years ago by a gentleman of the name of Markland, in rhyme, under the title of Pteriplegia, a most happy name, which is its chief merit, as the verse is execrable, though the rules shew some skill in the art.

The next was also in rhyme, and in smooth verse, with precepts which show'd the practical sportsman, written, not long ago, by the present Laureat, with the plain title of "*Shooting.*"

The poem before us appears, both from the title and contents, to be written by a theoretic sportsman. The term "*fowling*," (as well as fowler, which frequently occurs in the work) is so totally obsolete, that it seems impossible any one could have used it who had ever kept company with sportsmen, either in the field, or by the fire-side. It is, in a poem like this, as absurd as it would be in a book on military matters to talk of charging guns and shooting, instead of loading and firing, or to call the front rank of a regiment the first row.

Though the author delivers no precepts to the tyro, according to his own account, he never *misses*; for whether he aims at grouse, pheasant, partridge, snipe, duck, or woodcock, the bird is sure to fall.

He is also very attentive to mention how often he takes refreshment during the hours of sporting, a practice most strongly censured by Mr. Markland; for, he says, when any one with him does it, it makes him ill: his words are (we do not give them indeed as a specimen of elegant verse):

"All that he eats to me is poisonous food,
And does me much more harm than it can him good."

The following lines which tend to enforce this practice, give advice against that which is done by a sportsman: it shows the author not only ignorant of the manners of the field, but of modern manners in general.

——"Root of ancient oak
Well over canopied, will serve us now
To snatch the hasty morsel, and allay
The wants of nature, till the night shall yield
A more profuse repast. Let those who scorn

Our simple mode, betake them to their homes;
In the full meal indulge, and quaff the juice
Of the high-flavour'd grape, then to the fields
Forth issuing again renew their sport."

We do not dispute but that a farmer, whose usual hour of dinner is one, may return to his full meal and his draught of ale at his usual hour, and sally forth again; but this is never done by those who "quaff the juice of the high flavoured grape:" indeed the length of the days in September would not permit it, as the hour of dinner for a gentlemen in the country cannot be supposed earlier than four.

The extract given will also serve to show that the poem is written in blank verse, and how written. In the general style of versification there is not much to praise nor much to blame. We say *general*, as we are obliged particularly to notice these lines,

"Nor must the marsh
That quivers to your step deter you, nor the brake."
"The poor remains of life my ready hand
With expeditious mercy seizes. Thus we urge
Our joyous sport."

Why will grown gentlemen, who write English verse, offend thus wantonly against the laws of prosody, for which a school-boy would be flogged?

The Contrast, including Comparative Views of Britain, Spain, and France, at the present Moment. In two Parts. Addressed to an English Nobleman. By S. J. Pratt, Esq. Author of Gleanings, &c. Cradock and Joy, pp. 24.

This little poem is written with all that genuine patriotric fervour, which the animating subject is so peculiarly calculated to inspire. It appears to have been hastily

written, and is not entirely free from errors; but its poetic beauties are certainly far more numerous. We select as an example, the concluding apostrophe to Great Britain, which we think at least equal to any of Mr. Pratt's former effusions.

And THOU, rever'd and sympathising land,
Prompt to extend the ever-helping hand
Where'er Oppression lifts his iron rod,
Hostile to man, and impious to his God;
Friend to the friendless, or by flood or field,
Thy vanquish'd foe's best buckler, spear and shield:
O! native ALBION! from whose heav'n-blest store
Flows the rich tide of bounty to each shore;
By foreign rage, or home-bred tumults crost,
All the fierce passions in thy mercy lost:
In war, in peace, to thee the suff'rers come,
Exiles from ev'ry clime, and find a home;
Find the soft solace of thy shelt'ring arms,
And, like a cradled infant, safe from harms;
The heavy laden lay their burthens down,
While Pity's tearful smile succeeds thy frown:
Thou, tyrant's envy, and thou, patriot's boast,
Still give thy aid to wrong'd Iberia's coast;
Assert her cause, assist her just defence,
AND GREATLY PROVE HER SECOND PROVIDENCE!

Discourses, moral and religious, adapted to a naval Audience: preached on Board his Majesty's Ship the Tremendous, John Osborn, Esq. Commander, during the Years 1802, 1803, *and* 1804. *By the* Rev. Robert Baynes, L.L.B. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Large octavo, 634 pages. Price Nine Shillings. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-row, London.

The character of the British Sailors was always remarkable, but the character of the British CHRISTIAN Sailors

is most tremendously sublime. Stern and brave by natural constitution, bold and daring by early habit, hardened by rough trials, warmed with loyal attachment to their native country from principle and fond prejudice, armed in the panoply described by St. Paul, and imprest with immortal hopes through the promises of Revelation, they launch forth upon the deep, equally prepared for peace or war;—

ΘΑΛΑΣΣΗΣ ΣΚΗΠΤΡΑ ΚΑΙ ΜΟΝΑΡΧΙΑΝ ΛΑΒΟΝΤΕΣ.

Lycophron, Alexandra, v. 1229.*

At a time like the present, when the dæmon of universal misrule stalks abroad, *ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit;* when vice, and fraud, and blasphemy, in all their horrid shapes, spread contagion over the fairest portions of the globe; and social order, literature, morality, and religion, are systematically and openly outraged: at such a time it more than ever behoves the worthy chaplains of our men of war, in particular, to assert the excellency of their faith, by the purity and soundness of their doctrine. This important duty is to be done, not by the effusion of foaming declamations about "*election*" and "*the new light;*" not by indiscriminate anathemas against other people, whose tenets are perhaps orthodox in the main, though their modes of worship may vary: no; it is only to be done well by the judicious exercise of calm reasoning, by earnest, yet sober exhortation; by perspicuous phraseology, by clear expositions of the Gospel, and by plain, concise, and *practical* directions to the straight path of duty.—AND THIS, in our honest and deliberate opinion, HAS BEEN

* The poet adds:—

——— ουκ αμνηστον, αθλια Πατρις,
Κυδος μαραν θιν ηγκατακρυψιις ξοφω.

How applicable, at this awful crisis, is the apostrophe to our own majestic country! *Faxit D. Opt. Max.!*

DONE most satisfactorily, in the *sixty-four* short, manly, serious, and very impressive Naval Discourses now before us. Of their author, personally, we know nothing: our eulogy, therefore, (however that gentleman's friends may consider it) is independent, impartial, and sincere. We are staunch members of the established church; we pity weak enthusiasts, we despise ignorant lay-teachers of every sect and denomination, ὀδηγοι τυφλοι τυφλων, and we abhor all canting hypocrites. But more than equal to our detestation of folly and fraud is our decided love of wisdom and worth; for with the former sentiment is blended some slight portion of regret, whilst the latter unites with our unqualified approbation.—Yes! the SATIRIST does, indeed, feel infinitely more satisfaction in contemplating the truly pious labours of a Watson, a Porteus, a Rennel, an Andrews, or a modest, unassuming BAYNES, than indignation and scorn whilst lashing such creatures as Hill, *Septimus* H*s*n,* or even HUNT-*ington*.

This handsomely-printed volume is, with propriety, dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In the preface Mr. Baynes justly observes, that "for the introduction to the world of a work of the present nature, little apology will appear necessary, when these two cirstances are considered together; the utility of its scope, and that *there has nothing yet been published of a similar comprehension and adaptation.*" We recollect, however, that a Rev. Perceval Stockdale and a Rev. James Stanier Clarke, each separately, favoured the world with Naval Discourses of different qualities; we disliked them, on the whole, at the times of their publication; but, as *we war*

* Branded on the forehead to the bone with *Asylum* notoriety: ου δι μιτωπη καξιν. Foh! Foh! Foh!

not with the dead, we shall dismiss them with that brief description of a character which is recorded in the letters of Junius, and say, they "will only pass without censure when they pass without observation." Pretty, neat, elegant, [*nay, eloquent*, if you will] MORAL ESSAYS, suit not the climate of a British man of war: who seeks for, or regards, flowerets on the tops of Libanus? Of some excellent Discourses by Mr. Ramsay, our author has heard; so have we: but they are too few in number, we apprehend, to prove of extensive utility. Nevertheless we cordially commend them.

A work was much wanted for seamen, that would unfold to this respectable class of British subjects the great and necessary truths of religion and virtue, in a full, comprehensive, methodical, and familiar manner: in a manner adapted to their peculiar situation, and capable of making the most forcible and lasting impressions on their minds. This, our sensible divine assures us, it has been his endeavour to supply in his Discourses, which he hopes "may meet the candour and approbation of the good and learned; and be of every utility to a class of men whom Great Britain must be ever proud to acknowledge among the bravest and most liberal contributors to her national welfare and glory." Surely little further need be said of a well-planned and admirably-digested performance, professing such an end.

We recommend the Rev. Robert Baynes, L.L.B. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, most heartily, to the notice of his venerable superiors in the established church, and to the esteem of all good men; his book, if duly patronized, we are convinced must produce very great benefit to the mariners of England. To veterans in the service these short Discourses are a treasure, *long wanted*, found happily at last: all ranks of society would be edified by their perusal; and none need hesitate to

THE

SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

Omne in precipiti vitium stetit: utere velis,
Totos pande sinus. Juv.

Follies and vices uncontrol'd prevail:
To sea, bold Satirist; spread wide your sail!

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL TIPPER,

LEADENHALL-STREET;

1808.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.

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take them in hand through a mistaken idea that they were *exclusively* intended for the Navy, and, therefore, humbly "*written down*"—if we may adopt the expression—"to the understandings of rude and thoughtless tars." There are many in the Navy who possess the advantage of education, in its liberal sense; there are many even of refined ideas; many who are connected by every endearing tie to polished society; and whose rank, in the intervals of public duty, entitles them to move in the highest walks of life. This truth was apparent in our author's enlightened mind throughout the composition of his work: and he has so treated his subjects, with such ease, such force of expression, and such undeviating correctness and candour, that the volume merits general circulation. We conclude in the words of Athenagoras, "Υμεις, ω παντα εν παῖσι φυσει και παιδειᾳ χρηστοι, και μετριοι, και φιλανθρωποι, και της βασιλειας αξιοι, ΤΟΥΤΟΙΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΛΟΓΟΙΣ επινευσατε.*

NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Since our last number each of the theatres has produced a new piece; but so transient are the existence of dramatic births now, that even the newspaper critics think most of them unworthy of notice; and our present article will, on that account, have to boast of less *matter* than usual, though it yet retains a few characteristic traits of *editorial* partialities and piques.

The Fortune Teller, performed for the *first* and *last* time at Drury Lane theatre, Sept. 28.

"We are really indignant at the *very insulting production* which last night cheated the town, under pretence of a new musical afterpiece, called the Fortune Teller; and we rejoice to add, that all the *pleasing*, though not original, *music of Mr. Reeve failed to*

* Ad fin. Op. Justin. Martyr. Ed. Paris. 1636, pag. 39.

screen it from that loud condemnation it so eminently deserved. Of *plot,* the piece *has not a vestige.*"—*Times.*

"The author, here and there, has *struck out some excellent sentiments, which are tolerably well expressed.* The *charms of music seemed, however, to prevail, and to soothe criticism into good nature. The disapprobation soon subsided, and the piece was announced for a second representation without any very marked opposition.*"—*Morning Post.*

"This *damned* piece."—*The News.*

"It is needless to enter into any *detail of the plot,* as the piece, though *not destitute of merit,* was received with much disapprobation at the conclusion."—*Morning Herald.*

"The *incidents* and *music* were of *the most gloomy cast.*"—*Morning Advertiser.*

"If the dialogue were compressed, and some laughable incidents thrown into it———might recommend it to public favour——The *house was crowded, and the company elegant.*"—*British Press.*

"It is ill-managed, and the *dialogue* throughout, though *not inartificial,* is without point or humour. In the *music* by Reeve there is *nothing of a prominent character. The house* was *not crowded ! !*"—*Ledger.*

"The house *overflowed in every part.*"—*Morning Post.*

First appearance of MRS. ORGER; Drury Lane, Tuesday, Oct. 4.

Mrs. Orger ——possesses a handsome figure, but her claims to public favour do not depend on personal attractions only. She *evinced considerable talent in the performance of the character* (Lydia Languish, in the Rivals), and will prove *a valuable acquisition* to the strength of the company. She received great applause."—*Morning Herald.*

"She, however, in *many instances, mistook the true nature of the part.* In short, she may, in many characters, be rendered useful to the theatre: that she will become a *distinguished ornament* we have considerable *doubts.*"—*Morning Post.*

"She seemed *perfectly to understand the satire of her character,* and to *express* it with a *very delicate archness.*"—*Times.*

"There was an almost *continual drawl,* which, though suited to some querulous passages, was by *no means suited to the lighter and animated* parts of the dialogue."—*Morning Post.*

"Mrs. Orger entered with *great spirit* into the sentimental affectation of Lydia Languish, but her ease never degenerated into buffoonery. The degree of *consciousness* which she gave to her SENTIMENTALITY* was *highly judicious.*"—*The Examiner.*

"In *the whole course of this lady's acting there was no variation. Her accents were ever the same,* tripping and unimpassioned; she displayed nothing of nature, *nothing of feeling,* nothing of transition."—*The News.*

"Her figure above the middle size, but *not remarkable for elegance.*—*Idem.*

An *elegant shape* and *feminine manner;* and her *appearance altogether is more of the gentlewoman* than that of any other actress at this theatre, except Mrs. H. Siddons."—*Examiner.*

The FOREST of HERMANSTADT, or *Princess and no Princess.*

"We are glad to see that a *story, containing so many good situations and probable incidents,* should at last have received the approbation it merits."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"*This poor plot*——Neither the incidents, nor the characters, nor the *genius* of the style, are essentially different from Mr. Skeffington's piece (which he condemns as *most wretched*), except that the afterpiece is written in a taste decidedly vulgar. The *tasteful music* of Mr. Jouve was the *simple reason why it was endured* in preference to its predecessor."—*Examiner.*

"As far as it went, it was *exceedingly well constructed,* and fully deserved the applause it obtained."—*Chronicle.*

"The author of this production is entitled, in a very considerable degree, to that species of praise which *a milliner's girl deserves to have who dresses a wooden figure with tolerable taste.*" (Elegant comparison!)—*News.*

"The *inimitable pantomime of Mrs. H. Johnson,* assisted by the drollery of Liston, saved this production from the fate of its parent."—*News.*

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* Dr. Johnson was a fool to this youthful *coiner.*

"Mrs. H. Johnson was——*agonized where she should have been afflicted*, and *ludicrously horrified* where she should have been *merely alarmed.*"—*Examiner.*

"Mrs. H. Johnson *appeared to great advantage* as the *heroine.*" —*Morning Post.*

"His language is *really classic.*—*News.*

"The dialogue is *insipid and common-place.*"—*Oracle.*

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti."—HORACE.

OPERA HOUSE, HAYMARKET.—Exiled from home, like Troy's incredulous sons, the Covent Garden company have been necessitated to take up their quarters in this stupendous and ill-constructed edifice, which opened on the Monday after the fire, with Home's tragedy of Douglas: in the severity of their losses, the feeling mind must warmly participate, and the candid and ingenuous will regard with an eye of compassionate indulgence, those efforts, which, though weakened, nay, almost reduced to naught, by their recent calamity, are still made to afford the public pleasure and satisfaction. When we reflect on the great disparity in professional strength of the winter theatres, we are still more sensibly alive to the loss we, as frequenters of the rival places of amusement, have sustained; indeed our dramatic privation may be estimated in the proportion of two to one; for nobody, we conceive, will question the superiority of the Covent Garden establishment over that of Drury Lane in method, management, attention to costume, &c, &c. Of the pieces brought out, and indeed of the house itself, as to personal comfort and convenience, it will, we apprehend, take a much longer time to repair the mischief, and raise a new structure, than was at first supposed: the winter is fast approaching, and the four ensuing months are certainly the most unfavourable of the whole year for building; its being restored by next September is scarcely within the limits of possibility: and even admitting the undertaking to be feasible, the proprietors would very soon have occasion to reproach themselves for their ill-judged haste, from the brick work and timber setting, shrinking, and warping in every part. Under circumstances so peculiarly distressing, of course, not much novelty is to be expected. Macbeth has been several times

played, but the general effect is destroyed for want of scenic assistance; it requires more strength of imagination than we are possessed of to go hand in hand with Lady Macbeth into the hall of Queen Semiramis to hear her husband's letter read; and still less are we able to fancy ourselves on the bleak and barren mountains of Scotland, with the flat representing a warm Italian landscape. The Stranger, Beggar's Opera, and such stock-pieces as require no great variety of decorations, have also been performed; and Mr. Cooke has resumed his station in the company. He made his first appearance in his favourite part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and was most enthusiastically applauded the moment his voice was heard behind the scenes; on his coming forward he was greeted with three distinct peels of approbation, and never looked or acted better. Report bespeaks him a Benedict; if so, we trust he will confine himself to a regular regimen, and not allow, as heretofore, his *spirits* to get the better of him. When Cooke pleases he can interest an audience as much as any actor on the stage; and, having taken unto himself a wife, we are led to hope he will henceforward play for fame.

On Friday, October 7, was produced a new romantic melo-drama, entituled "Princess and no Princess, or the Forest of Hermanstadt," said to have been written, and presented in a different shape, to the proprietors of Covent Garden, by Captain Hewetson, the successful translator of the Blind Boy, but more probably the bantling of the prolific Mr. T. Dibdin, whose features it bears, and who, if report speak true, is engaged to furnish the town with dramatic novelties at the same rate that the mechanists and other artificers, employed in the establishment, fulfil their contracts for scenery, machinery, and the various paraphernalia in their respective departments. This may account in some measure for the feeble stamina of many of this gentleman's family; for as no respectable workman can afford to employ the best materials when restricted as to price, so no author ever yet wrote well whose literary labours were secured at a fixed weekly salary, from which, if no abatement be made for an unsuccessful production, no encouragement is held out for an attractive one.

It is quite curious to observe the exact resemblance of the Forest of Hermanstadt to the unfortunate traditionary drama, founded on the same story, which so unexpectedly met its condemnation a few weeks since at Drury Lane: the incidents are precisely the same; for in both does the would-be princess cautiously approach the foot-lights, look wildly round her, and apprise us of her diabolical intentions; both have

an alarm-bell; in both there is a good-natured blockhead of a waiter; in both is a bundle of peasant's weeds accidentally discovered; in both a quantity of *long-legged* gentlemen and ladies hopping and skipping about, rehearsing a ballet, whilst an inn-keeper and his *protégeé* are perched upon a bench as the representatives of the Prince of Transylvania and his bride; and in both is the denouement brought about, by touching the secret spring of a medallion, which discovers the portrait of the real princess, and proves that she and this interesting bar-maid are one and the same person. In short, the two *pieces* are twin-sisters, with this only difference, that the nature of one is rather more hysterical than that of the other. Mr. Dibdin has endeavoured to make us laugh and cry alternately: Mr. Skeffington's object was to awake and keep alive an interest in our bosoms from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Why two pieces so alike in their construction should have met with a fate so dissimilar, cannot be ascribed to any other cause than caprice in the audience; for, were we really called upon conscientiously to decide on their respective merits, we should certainly pronounce Mr. Skeffington's to be at least upon a par with Mr. Dibdin's; but,

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give;"

and, from the public fiat there is no appeal. Mr. Dibdin has been furnished with some extremely pretty music by Mr. Jouve; amongst the various melodies we thought we recognised some of our old favourites of the French school with new faces: it is throughout well adapted to the incidents of the melo-drame, and warrants a hope that we shall have frequent opportunities of judging of this gentleman's musical talents. The performers collectively and individually exerted themselves to the utmost, and to them, in a no less degree than to the composer of the music, is the author indebted for the success of his undertaking. Honourable mention should also be made of managers, who have spared no expence in dressing and getting it up.

Drury Lane.—Nothing of any material import has occurred at this theatre since the commencement of the winter campaign, all affairs relative to the drama continue in the same *able* hands, and Mr. Elliston, is, as usual, the hero of tragedy, comedy, and farce. It has frequently fallen to our lot to yield the most unqualified approbation to this gentleman's performance; his universality we acknowledge, but we could wish, for the sake of his professional reputation, that he did not give quite so extensive a scope to the range of those abilities with which he is by nature so richly endowed: it must necessarily happen

that an actor is sometimes compelled to undertake parts against his inclination, either from the tenor of his engagement with managers, or for want of a more able representative in such plays as they may please to put into rehearsal, and perhaps this may be the case with Elliston, whose good sense and judgment would, we think, otherwise convince him that he is by no means so favoured by Melpomene as by Thalia. His Romeo, for example, was certainly not above mediocrity; the expression of his countenance is inadequate to the pourtraying the more turbulent passions; and when he would most awaken our sympathy, we most felt he was unable to do so. Some parts of his performance, however, were marked with genius; and, like the transient gleam of the meteor, dazzled us for a moment, only to leave us in a state of greater obscurity: of this description were his scenes with the Friar, after learning his banishment, and the beautiful soliloquy prior to his procuring the poison. It is by contrast that Elliston's imperfections are most obviously discernible; and those who have seen Charles Kemble's personation of this ill-fated lover, will lament that Elliston should have laid himself open to a comparison so unfavourable to himself: indeed we think the latter's performance of the part by far the most correct and praiseworthy of the present day. It is not our wish wantonly to wound the feelings of those who do their best to afford us entertainment, and for this reason we forbear entering into a more particular account of the cast of this tragedy at Drury Lane; but, oh! such an Escalus, Montague, Capulet, and Paris! We hope not to see it performed again, otherwise our patience and good humour may forsake us. Mrs. H. Siddons was every thing that could be wished in Juliet. The excellent comedy of the Rivals has been revived, for the purpose of presenting to the town a new candidate for fame, a Mrs. Orger, from the theatre royal Edinburgh, who made choice of the character of Lydia Languish for her *debut*. We are always willing to make allowance for the terror and agitation inseparable from a first appearance at the awful tribunal of a London audience, and went to the house predetermined to do so; but Mrs. Orger soon taught us that she stood in no need of our indulgence in this respect, and actually went through the part with an easy collected assurance, which convinced us, that whatever construction the *town* might place upon her abilities, she was *herself* fully satisfied of their sterling value. Her voice reminded us at times of Miss Boyce, at times of Mrs. Henry Johnson, but we do not think she will ever attain the rank even of the first of these ladies in public estimation; she is a good deal of a mannerist, a very monotonous speaker,

and her style of acting is what may be termed extremely *namby-pamby*. Dowton's Sir Anthony Absolute was indescribably rich. He is perhaps the most natural actor now on the stage, and thoroughly understands that the true principles of the histrionic art is the art to conceal the practice of it. He always appears unconscious that any but the colloquial characters are present; and is certainly without an equal in captious, irascible, old gentlemen. Mr. Elliston ceded his old part of Falkland to Mr. H. Siddons, assuming that of Captain Absolute, probably for the sake of ushering Mrs. Orger into the world with all possible *éclat*, and to inspire her with a portion of his self-command. In the Captain he succeeded to admiration; it was really the father and son, and we very much question whether the scenes between these two personages were in abler hands, even in the best days of this exquisitely humorous comedy. We wish we could allow a commensurate degree of praise to Mr. Siddons, but justice ever should be impartial, and we are compelled to apply to him the retort made by his friend Jack in the play, viz. that "he was stupid indeed." Rule a Wife and have a Wife has also been performed, and (*ecce iterum crispinus!*) up jumps Proteus Elliston as Leon!

For the amusement of the little masters and misses, and from the recollection of its former services to the treasury, the grand dramatic romance of Blue Beard, or Female Curiosity, has been reproduced: when we saw it announced at the foot of the daily bills, our hearts foreboded that Mr. Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music, would enact the part of Selim; and we feelingly remembered the number of times he had set our teeth on edge when this piece was performed in 1798; but we were agreeably surprised, on the day of representation, to learn that he had given up the business as a bad job, and the ladder-climbing inamorato was given, in consequence, to a Mr. J. Smith, we believe from Liverpool, who one night last season sung Lorenzo in the Cabinet. Whatever disadvantages this spectacle may labour under, from the general variation in the *dramatis personæ*, since it was originally brought out, the public have certainly to congratulate themselves on the change of Selim's; for Mr. J. Smith, though sufficiently awkward and ante-theatrical, certainly possesses very tolerable *vocal* powers, which no one can say of the above-mentioned merchant. He gave his songs with much taste, execution, and sweetness; and will, if he have fair play, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatical department. Mrs. Mountain played Fatima, and, except that she is, as usual, extremely devoid of grace, and

knows not what to do with her arms, acquitted herself with respectability. Miss Lyon was the substitute of Mrs. C. Kemble, *ci-devant* De Camp, in Irene; but at this change play-going amateurs, who remember the latter lady, must of necessity heave a sigh of regret. When Blue Beard first appeared Miss De Camp was in the zenith of her powers, both acted and sung with a *naiveté* peculiarly her own; and has left an impression on the minds of her hearers as indelible as it was captivating.

With the merits of Matthews the public are so well acquainted, that it would be superfluous for us here to pass them in review: he played Ibrahim passably; but first impressions are with difficulty eradicated, and our old and lamented favourite, Suett, would involuntarily present himself to our recollection.

Mr. Penley's barefaced imitation of Bannister in Shacabac we could pardon: Bannister is an actor of so much talent, that he is a fair example for any one to follow; but Mr. Penley's buffoonery, and constant attempts to excite the roar of the galleries, are too disgusting to be overlooked. These professional vices are daily increasing, and we venture to predict, that, unless his style is "reformed altogether," he will one day draw down the just and general indignation of the house.

The dancing of D'Egville's pupils bears testimony of his being the first ballet-master in England; it has all the taste and elegance which so eminently characterises the French school, and richly deserves the meed of public acknowledgment. We should feel deficient in our duty were we not to make particular mention of Miss Gayton, whose grace and agility can only be equalled by the exquisite symmetry and beauty of her person.

In concluding this article we cannot forbear noticing the severe torments Abomelique's poor elephant appeared to be labouring under: the bowel complaint, which has been so prevalent this autumn, has spared neither man nor beast; the poor creature did nothing but writhe and totter the whole time he was upon the stage, and required all the assistance of the by-standers to keep it on its legs. Seriously speaking, we think that it is the indispensable duty of managers to take care that the *animals*, of which this *animal* is composed, are sober, at least: it is really disgraceful that a piece of machinery, so simple as a wicker-work elephant, cannot be conducted with precision on the first theatre of the British empire.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

We lately* had occasion to trouble our readers with some animadversions on the principles and taste of the strange publication ycleped the Annual Review; and have now undertaken the task of shewing by further examples, that it is not less despicable all together as a literary composition than in its moral and political character. As the volume however is of a formidable magnitude, we have found it convenient to select some single division of it for particular notice in this respect: accident led us to fix on the chapter of History and Politics, constituting little more than *a sixth part* of the whole book (of which proportion we beg our readers to be mindful); and accordingly very few of our instances will be taken from beyond the limits of that chapter.

Our first specification shall consist of words new-coined, new-modelled, or employed from an affectation of singularity; and of these the leading class comprises verbs engrafted on the fruitful stock of the termination *ize*, which stands so conspicuous among "that myriad of new words," to quote the Annual Review itself,† "with which the French revolution, and the French science-mongers, have inundated European literature." Of this description we find "liberalized, solitarized, reprotestantized, peculiarizes, martializing, all-barbarizing, rebarbarizing, demoralizing, Socinianizing, uniformalizing, and modernization:"—"preconized," though quite as uncouth as any of them, perhaps is not to be classed by its termination.‡ The rest, which we shall not take

* In our eleventh and thirteenth Numbers: pages 105 and 331 (note), of our present volume.

† Page 660 of the volume last published (the sixth); to which it is hardly necessary to mention, these observations are applied.

‡ After perusing this list, one can scarcely forbear from exclaiming, *O imitatores, servum pecus!* on reflecting how vastly these frenchified writers fall short of their great originals. Two of the latest coinages of this sort are, one of Buonaparte himself *denationalize*; and one of

much trouble in arranging, are, "by-gone,* tiffs, tomes, based, motived, hatreds, apings, intercourses, proses, stabile, driftless, obtainal, retainal, correctional, ancestrial, vaticinal, monopolous, euphonous, autonomous, autochthonous, autopsy, moratory, appendicatory, convulsionary, denary, ponderosity, religiosity, paternity, senility, longanimity, consentaneity, rivality, localities, plasticities, antagonistic, monotheistic, liturgic, micrological, neologic, etymologikon, cosmopolitical, cohabitants, circulable, ornate, evulgate, registrators, confrontation, expatriation, regurgitation, convictive, descensive, subsecive, pervasiveness, incorrigibleness, statesmanship, connoisseurship, pietists, provincialism, savagism, carnivorism†, tyrannously, analogously, shrinkingly, rememberably‡, unpicturesque, unreluctant, undrying, impatri-

general Dumourier, speaking of Buonaparte, *denapoleonize:* which are pretty good in their way. But both these are greatly excelled by one (perhaps, in the language of our advertising wig-makers, "the acme of perfection") which owes its origin to the happy days of jacobinism: it was under the virtuous government of the Directory; when those practical philosophers, having *fraternized* several of the smaller states of Italy and Germany, parcelled them out into combinations which they facetiously called *republics*, by the titles of the Cisalpine, Cispadane, Cisrhenane, &c.; and on the restitution of the last-mentioned to its legitimate sovereign, this was called its *discisrehanization!*

* We beg to have it understood, that we by no means intend to point out every one of the words in these lists as essentially vicious. Our only object is, to expose the coxcombical pedantry of raking together, within such a compass, so many words distinguished by their singularity alone from multitudes of others that would have been at least equally well adapted for the particular purposes.

† By the bye, on this same subject of *carnivorism*, we cannot withhold a plain and alarming declaration made at page 270; that our present contest with France has arrived at such a pitch, that "*eat or be eaten is become our dilemma!*"

"Oh horrible, horrible, most horrible!"

‡ "A ce trait-là je te reconnois, Santillane!" cries Fabricio to Gil Blas on a very different occasion: and this single word would have effectually served, if any thing had here been wanting, to recal to our

otic, imprecision, inappropriate, interreign, interdeal, disadvise, discountenance (as a substantive), influencing (as a mere adjective), pre-establishment (for previous religious establishment), remade, redaction, chorussed, chieftaincy, meddlesome, bepraisements, scriggling, glossology, obsolesce, reminiscences, diatribe, decennium, mimesis, nimbus, and lacunas." To these we may add the sesquipedalians "uncharacteristically" and "Constantinopolitan:"—the compounds "anti-catholics, anti-papistical, non-repeal, non-consultation, over-abhorred, over-utterance, fore-ordained, all-absolving, all-involving, self-immolating, life-writing, fellow-creedsmen, tonguesmen, science-mongers, torture-mongers, business-like, ill-minded, stem-tribes, branch-banks, shut-banking, citizen-bankrupts, and robber-virtues;"—the orthographical improvements "philanthrop*h*y (p. 276, 288), West-*f*alia, and mos*k*s;"—the comparative "bitterer;"—and the superlatives "properest" and "thoughtfullest."

We have thus far confined the reader's attention to mere words, and hope that what we have already given will serve only to whet his appetite for a richer treat which we promise him next month; when we shall have the honour of laying before him a captivating display of virgin phrases, beauties of syntax, figures of speech (including the metaphor, alliteration, the pun, and the bull), pleasing obscurities, original information, and peculiar elegances.

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1. A Tour to Sheeraz; by Edward Scott Waring, Esq.

"The account with which Mr. Waring has furnished us, is upon the whole *dull* and uninteresting. His book is *neither* calculated to *amuse* the superficial reader by sprightliness of *anecdote*

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mind a grotesque genius whom we first noticed four or five years ago, figuring in the Critical Review at that time; particularly in translations from Klopstock and Wieland, in those Numbers appropriated to foreign works. We have since undeviatingly tracked him (for he always leaves a strong trail) in various periodical publications; but the last time we were led more peculiarly to notice him, was in the article on Mr. Southey's Madoc, in a volume of the Annual Review, where *rememberable* and *unforgettable* stood conspicuous among much other trash of the same sort.

and novelty of remark, *nor* to *add information* to those whose studies are impelled by a worthier motive."—Critical Review.

"The limits of our review have not allowed us to point out a variety of *anecdotes*, observations, and miscellaneous passages, from the perusal of which we have derived *much pleasure and information*."—British Critic.

"In the perusal of this work we have on the whole been *much amused*."—Oxford Review.

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2. Specimen of an English Homer in Blank Verse.

"—From this sample the reader will *not*, we think, form an *unfavourable* idea of the author's *talents*; but it is still our opinion that *Cowper's* improved *translation will not*, as an entire work, *be soon excelled*."—British Critic.

"We think that the execution is on the whole, as every translation ought to be, *close*, SPIRITED, and *easy*. The *versification* is also for the most part *harmonious*."—Monthly Review.

"Of simplicity there is a liberal store: we do not mean of the genuine, majestic, and dignified simplicity, of the original Greek; but of the *affected*, CREEPING, *bald insipidity of the prosaic Cowper*. Minerva is designated by the general term of 'bright-eyed goddess,' which is to be wondered at in a translation whose *only possible merit* consists in being *literal*."—Critical Review.

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3. Francis and Josephus, a Tale from the German of Huber, by William Fardeley.

"That the public may not be induced to squander their money upon such *worthless objects*, and that the *translator's time* may be employed on something more *deserving of attention*, we inform them that Francis and Josephus is the *most uninteresting* tale that ever came from Germany."—Critical Review.

"The *translator* and the printer† have *done themselves credit* in this small volume. The work is *certainly interesting*."—British Critic.

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4. The Red Book; or the Government of Francis the First, Emperor of the English, &c.

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* The title is dated "Leeds."—SAT.

"Under the form of a dream, this author, VERY JUSTLY in our opinion, predicts the fate of Britain and its dependancies, in the event of a certain baronet and his associates succeeding in exciting a general insurrection; the only object to which their proceedings seem to tend, and the only means by which such a junto could obtain power. The author's object is manifestly, to warn the people against the arts of demagogues; a *design* which *has our warmest praise. Nor is the execution of it contemptible.*" —British Critic.

"A *very silly* pamphlet; in which MALICE and *stupidity* contend so equally for the masterdom, that we should be extremely sorry were we forced to deliver on oath our opinion of the preponderance of either. Those who can relish the following specimen of humour, may find much more of the same stamp scattered through this *egregious* performance. Sir Francis Burdett is elected emperor of the English," &c.—Monthly Review.

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5. Anatomical Examinations.

"This treatise *ought not to have been extended to two volumes.* The elementary system of anatomy is contained in the answers, which* even in this present form, might stand independently of the questions, which* fill almost the whole of the first volume, and which* appear to us *wholly unnecessary.*"—Oxford Review.

"This work is a kind of anatomical catechism, or like the Pupil and Tutor's Guide†, the first volume containing the questions, the second the answers to them; and the second alone may be used as an elementary systen of anatomy. The *plan* is *very judicious.*"—British Critic.

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6. An Attempt to display the Original Evidences of Christianity in their genuine Simplicity; by N, Nisbett, A.M.

"The present performance of Mr. Nisbett contains many ju-

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* It would puzzle a *conjuror* to explain this be*which*ed sentence, and to discover from the construction of it, whether the answers or the questions were what the writer thought unnecessary.—SAT.

† We never before heard of a work with this elegant title. The whole sentence in which it occurs is most exquisitely written.—SAT.

dicious observations, and we think that the *theological student* may be *much benefited* by the perusal."—Critical Review.

"Mr. Nisbett, we are sorry to see, can study the scriptures assiduously *without turning them to any* spiritual *account*."—Eclectic Review.

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7. A Vindication of Mrs. Lee's Conduct to the Gordons, written by Herself.

"A *perfectly satisfactory* vindication.—This Vindication every where evinces a disposition to metaphysical reasoning, a self-control, and a vigour and depth of intellect, which are alone sufficient to convince us of the falsehood of the calumnies propagated against the author, whose talents are no less superior than her *virtues* to those of the Gordons."—Antijacobin Review.

"Some talents are displayed in this pamphlet; but we *cannot say that* much illustration of the affair, or *any complete vindication* of the writer, appears to us to be produced by it."—Monthly Review.

"We wish, for the sake of Mrs. Lee, that she had for ever been silent on the subject; as the present publication *will not convince* the world that her conduct was blameless, although much ingenuity is displayed in its composition. It is an additional proof that talents, without a belief in revealed religion, only serve to ornament error, and to cover the deformities of *immorality*."—Oxford Review.

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8. An Elementary Course of the Sciences and Philosophy, in two Volumes; by J. B. Florian Jolly, A. M.

"Into the particulars of Mr. Florian Jolly's work we cannot be expected to enter minutely. We have however examined various parts of it; and have reason to believe it executed with *neatness*, PRECISION, and perspicuity.—It evinces a *sound judgment* and an *accurate* KNOWLEDGE, both of the proper objects of elementary education, and of the powers and capacities of the youthful mind."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"This author's style and manner of treating the subject [of the first volume] is FAR *from being* correct, regular, and PRECISE."—British Critic.

"Had Mr. Florian Jolly presented his work to the public ungarnished with eulogiums which he must know to be misapplied, we should have barely withheld our commendation, and have suffered it to be decently buried in that oblivion which is the daily fate of such *imbecile* and imperfect productions. We are not to be dazzled by the glare of *childish paradox;* nor can we permit that a man whose talents and acquisitions appear to us rather below mediocrity than above it, *destitute of taste,* with but *little* KNOWLEDGE," &c.—Eclectic Review.

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9. The Lay of an Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments: by Miss Owenson.

"The name of Miss Owenson is familiar to all readers of *taste;* to all who admire *brilliancy of imagination,* and *fertility of genius.* The short poems in this volume are chiefly on trifling subjects, but display no less SIMPLICITY *of thought* than *felicity of execution.* We observe *here and there* some *thoughts* borrowed from the French and Italian poets, with whom our authoress appears to be very conversant; but they are borrowed in such a manner as to become her own, and to be frequently improved by the adoption. These poems are ushered into the world with the following prefatory sketch, in which the *amiable liveliness* and *becoming diffidence* of our fair authoress are placed in a pleasing point of view."—Oxford Review.

"A *disgraceful farrago* of passionate, *unfeminine,* and *scarcely decorous rant, disgusting* AFFECTATION, and the *very quintessence of sentimental nonsense.* It is scarcely worth while to remark, that this *precious* book is *thickly bestrown* with French and Italian *quotations,* scarcely a line of which is rightly printed."—Annual Review.

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10. The Life and Writings of Michel Angelo Buonarotti*, by R. Duppa.

"We have no hesitation in acknowledging that we have

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* This is the orthography of the title in the British Critic: the Critical Review spells the name Buonaroti. We have not at this moment an opportunity of ascertaining which is conformable to the title-page of the work itself.

been both instructed and entertained by the performance. We have had to approve much *acuteness of remark*, and we have been amused with great variety of anecdote."—British Critic.

"The work before us* has given us more of this pleasure than any that has ever before reached us, except Mr. Duppa's *admirable heads from Michel Angelo* and Raffaello.—Annual Review (vol. 6. p. 473).

"If the great fault of the biographers of the present day consist in the endeavour to force upon the public characters that should never have been noticed out of their own private circle, it surely is one of much greater magnitude to present us with the life of a truly exalted personage, disfigured and disguised by *common-place remarks*, insipid diction, and an affected style. We are sorry that in a work which might have been rendered so truly interesting and instructive, Mr. Duppa should have thought it necessary to render his performance palatable to such of his readers as may be unacquainted with Italian, by introducing some *wretchedly feeble outlines* after a few of Michel Angelo's statues and paintings, by way of compensation for the Italian poetry which is added to the work. To those to whom the works of Michel Angelo are unknown, they can convey no other ideas than those of *imbecility and deformity*."—Critical Review.†

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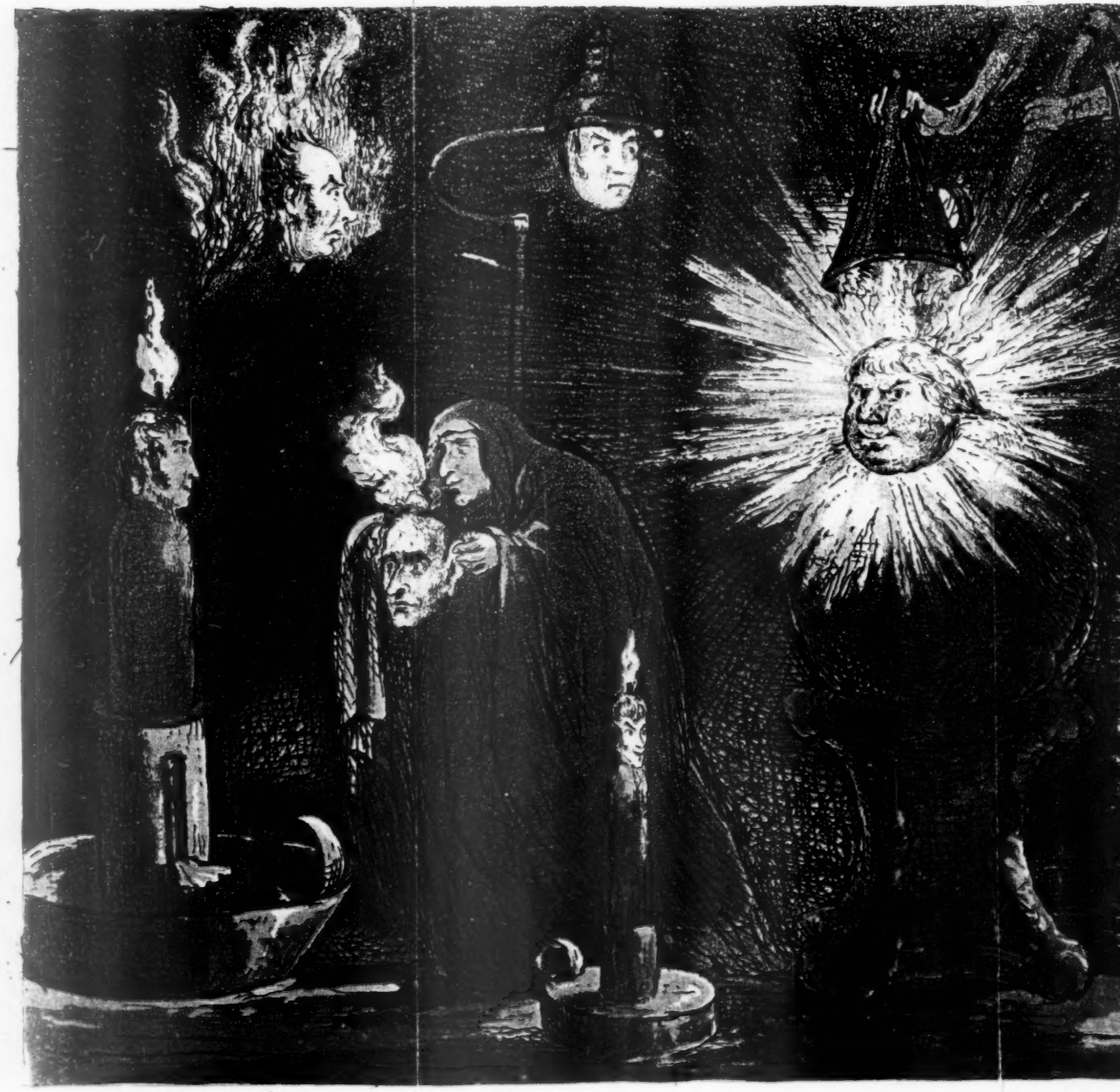
* Park's edition of Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.—SATIRIST.

† We have no specimens of our *Extraordinary* department (see page 336 of our last Number) to offer to our readers this month, nor can instances of that kind be expected to occur *very* frequently. The Annual Review indeed favours us, at an *interval* of only *two pages* (at p. 328 and 331), with *separate articles* on *two editions* of a *three-penny pamphlet*; but it has been so lucky as to escape any thing beyond a very weak shade of self-contradiction, by avoiding a single *positive* phrase on the merits of the work, in the first of those articles. The Antijacobin Review too, pursuing a similar course, bestows the same compliment on a *sixpenny pamphlet*, with the interval of a single monthly Number between the two critiques (Antijacobin Review for October 1807, page 197; and for December 1807, page 417): these critiques however approach each other still nearer, ringing the self-same changes about "vital importance," &c. &c. In future we shall pay particular attention to this practice of *duplicate criticism*.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.



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